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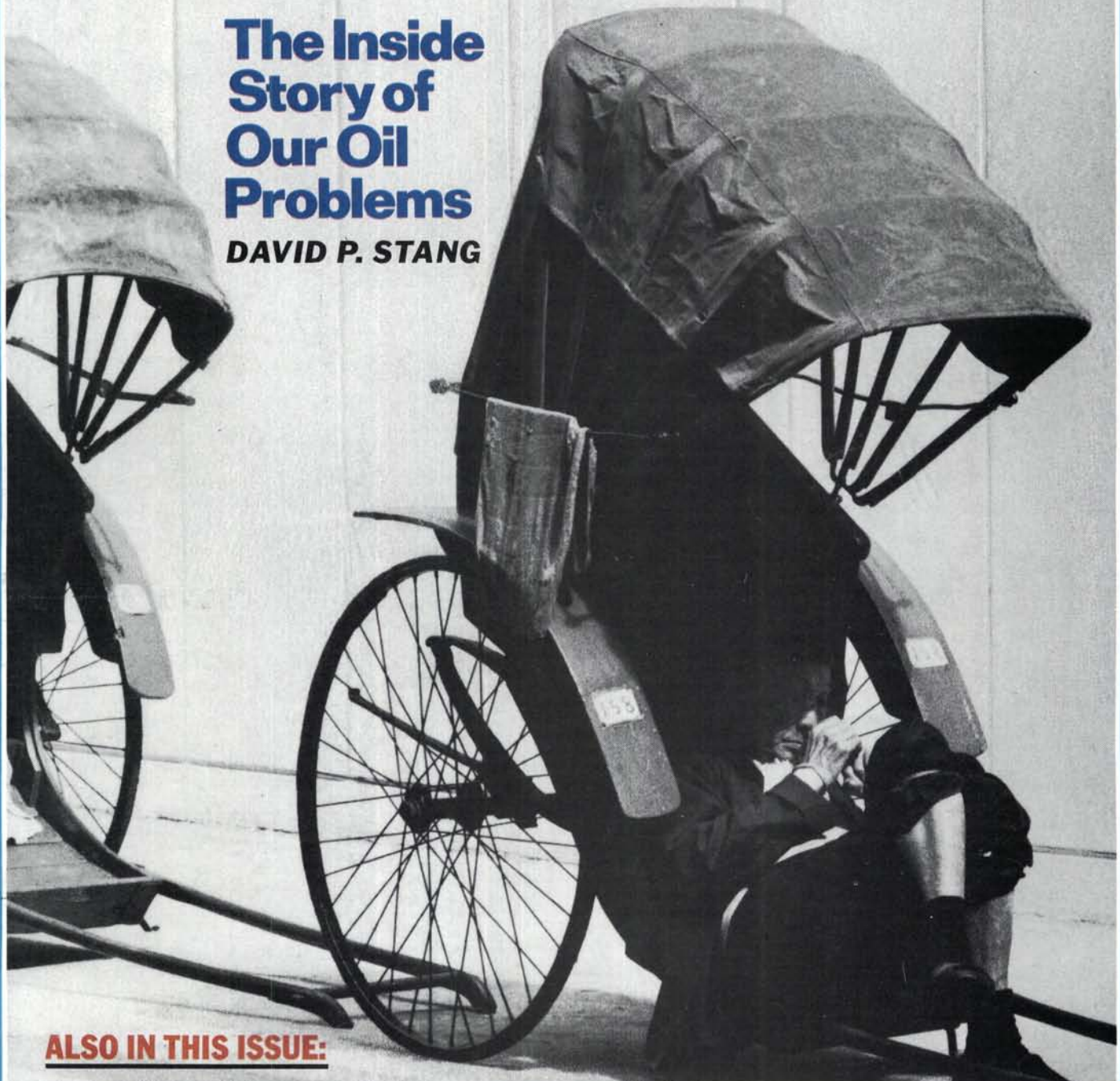
AUGUST 1, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

IS THE U.S. RUNNING OUT OF GAS?

The Inside Story of Our Oil Problems

DAVID P. STANG



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F. Reid Buckley on Chile
Ruth Berenson on Tom Wolfe
Keith Mano on Natural History
Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn on Italy

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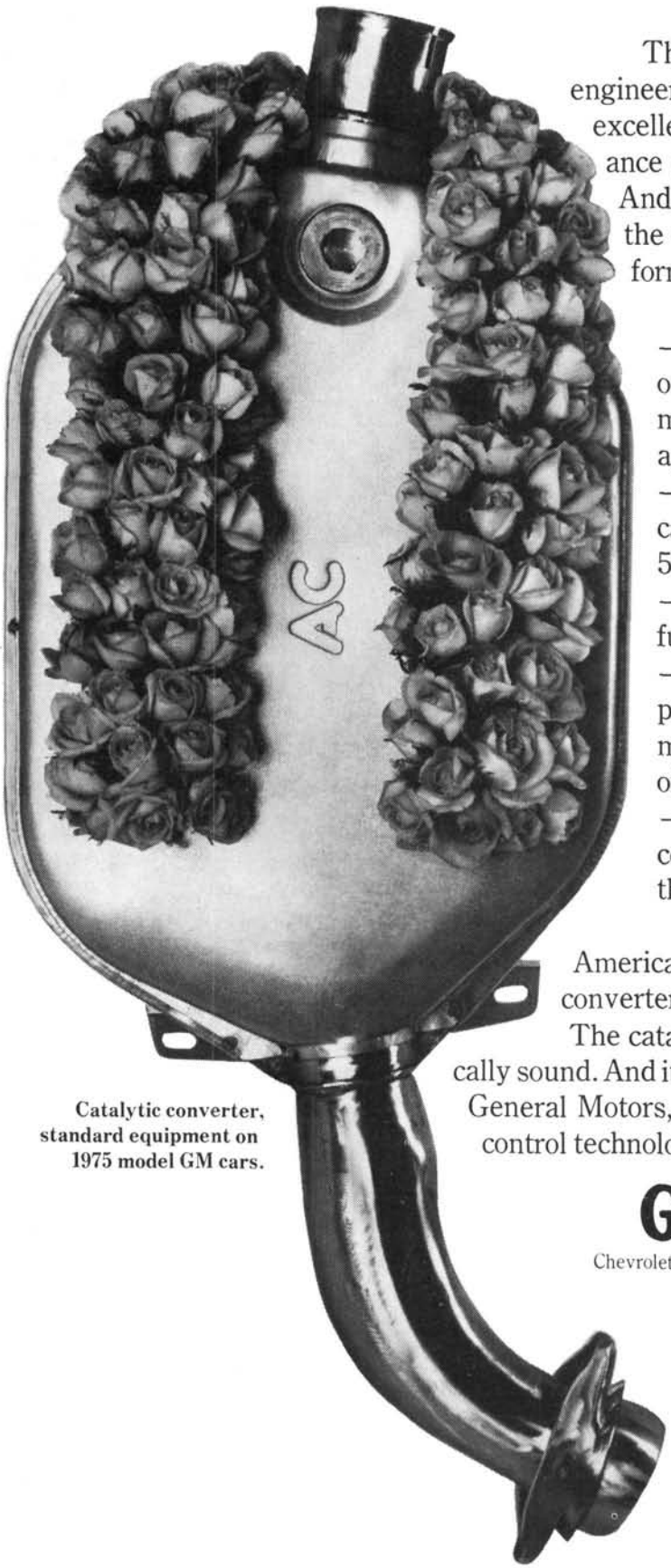

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THE RUSSIAN MENACE: CHILD OF F.D.R.

World War II was presented to the American people as a holy war. Unconditional surrender was said to be necessary for lasting peace. Eisenhower wrote of a "crusade" in Europe.

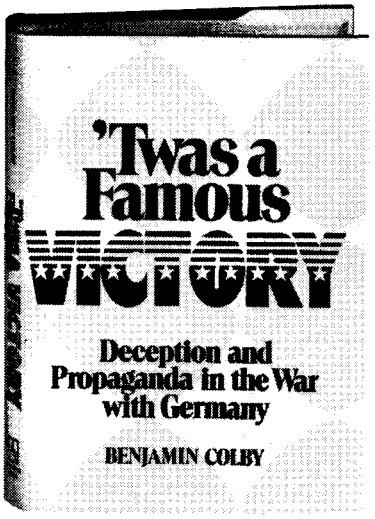
The war was won. Germany was left prostrate, and the Bomb incinerated what was left of Japanese resistance. But as Churchill wrote: ". . . after all the exertions and sacrifices of hundreds of millions of people and of the victories of the Righteous Cause, we still have not found Peace or Security, and . . . we lie in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted."

What went wrong? Benjamin Colby takes a bold look at the Righteous Cause and arrives at disturbing answers. Maintaining popular support throughout World War II involved two necessities, says Mr. Colby: trust in Russia and hatred of Germany. To engender trust in Russia, "the Soviet territorial objectives and political intentions had to be concealed. This was the central and all-pervading deception during the period of actual war. It was accompanied by an unremitting effort to whitewash the Soviet record and create a new Soviet image."

The other necessity was met more easily; even before 1939 Hitler's regime had become odious. But U.S. government propaganda used the German people for its target, not just the Nazi regime, and thus justified Allied atrocities like the mass bombing of civilians. Colby presents shocking evidence that the Allies initiated the bombing of civilians as strategic policy; worse, that Churchill purposely goaded Hitler into bombing London American cities remained intact throughout the war, says Colby, "but whether the people themselves escaped psychologically unscathed is a disturbing question. Wrapped in the belief of its own righteousness and the myth that Germany started the bombing of cities, America has appeared to have few qualms about the wholesale air war conducted against German civilian populations."

Mr. Colby unfolds the propaganda prelude to war . . . the secret war in the Atlantic . . . the great Atlantic Charter deception . . . the tight lid on Russian war aims . . . the coverups of Soviet atrocities . . . the secrecy surrounding Teheran . . . the lies about Yalta. He reveals the role of Hollywood and the Writers War Board in creating hatred of Germans and enthusiasm for our alliance with Communists.

The deceptions began, the author shows, when the American people were told that their survival—or at least England's—depended on U.S. entry into the war. He marshals impressive evidence, however, that "whatever Hitler's ambitions, conquering Britain was not one of them, much less attacking the United States. That the nation could be brought to war by belief in such an imaginary peril is testimony of the war-making powers of the President, who can not only create propaganda for war but, more important, create situations which make war inevitable."



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- FDR's friends admit he lied us into war
- All the news that fits the tint: how the *New York Times*, *Time*, and most of the press treated the Katyn massacre
- Hollywood's Red clique
- FDR scores critics of aid to Russia as "bogus patriots . . . noisy traitors—betrayers of America, betrayers of Christianity itself—would-be dictators"
- White House protection of Communists in key posts
- Churchill continues to urge the bombing of civilian populations removed from military targets. His relative silence on the subject after the war
- Rex Stout and his Writers War Board: "We Shall Hate or We Shall Fail." Why hatred of all Germans was necessary to the FDR administration
- The tragic toll of Unconditional Surrender
- Henry Wallace hails the Soviets for their "ethnic democracy"
- Stalin refuses to acknowledge U.S. Lend-Lease
- Sir Robert Vansittart: England's fount of hate. His disciples in America
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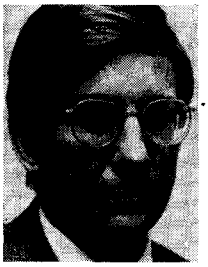

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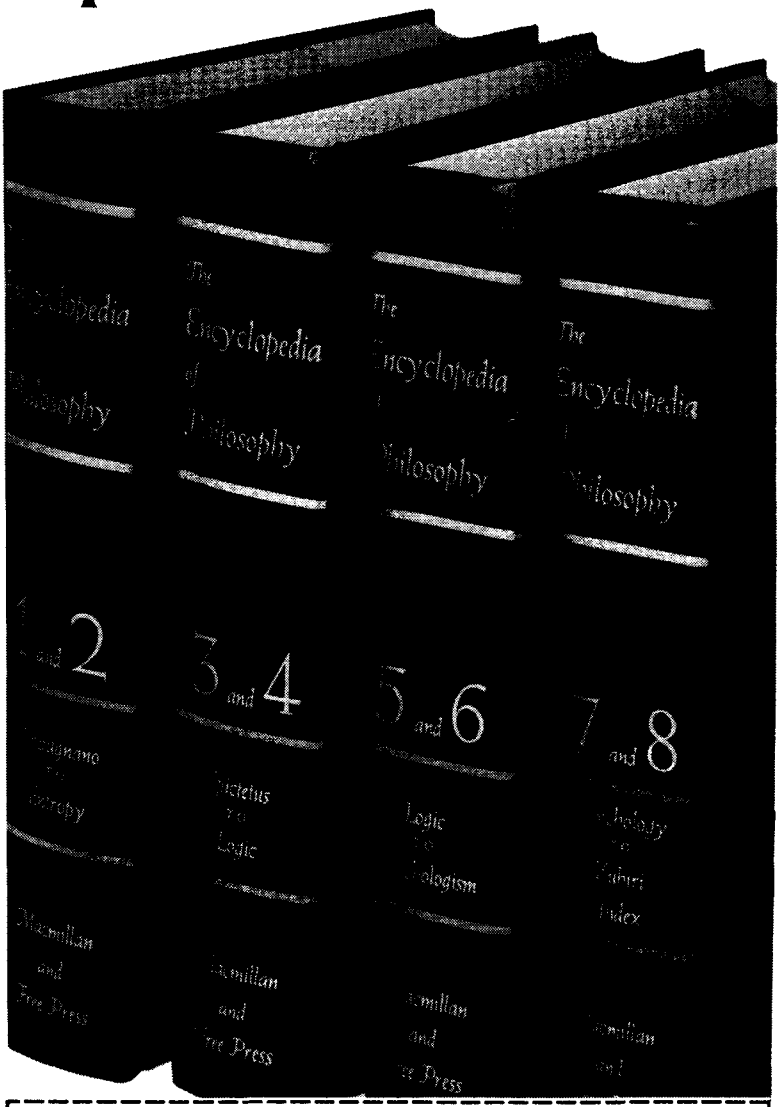

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Letters

Now for the Bad News

In his optimistic look at changes in the campus ambiance since the Sixties, William Banowsky ["Finally, Some Good News," July 18] commits a common transgression by calling "good" something which is only a little less bad.

Yes, more people are enrolled in business courses, but what's so "penetrating" about asking if the curriculum will help one find a job? It's practical, but it indicates no desire to approach the Beauty described by Socrates as the zenith of perception. More students are applying to law and medical schools, but what has wooed them: profound concern for law or medicine and a desire to serve, or status and money? Students have learned rigorous critical analysis? Amherst College students positively feasted on the limply alliterative Julian Bond this spring, giving him a standing ovation for a speech in which he said, typically, "Good is still opposing evil in Latin America."

I'd like to find out about this student of today who has a "deep interest in serving others"; who has "faith in the future." His name is harder to discover than Rumpelstiltskin's. Most students I know are cynics and solipsists, differing only on the outside from their older brothers and sisters. The rest know that faith lives not in the future, but in things not seen; that, as John Miles implies in the article following Banowsky's ["Educational Malpractice"], learning is its own reward.

Amherst, Mass. DANIEL E. RITCHIE

Solzhenitsyn

Thank you for your informative interview with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn [June 6]. Human rights advocates here and abroad have long awaited such an interview.

I am deeply troubled by and take serious exception to Mr. Solzhenitsyn's remarks concerning Amnesty International. I find it difficult to believe a writer with his reputation as a careful journalist would form his opinions of one of the world's largest and most respected human rights organizations on an exhibit of pictures. And I find it irresponsible to make such criticism of AI in NATIONAL REVIEW, which is so widely read in the United States and abroad.

We invite Mr. Solzhenitsyn to visit the London offices of Amnesty International's Secretariat before he makes further public statements regarding us. In the Western Regional Office of AI alone, we have nearly two feet of files containing details of current specific cases in the Soviet Union. As well, the Samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events,* which we collect into book form and publish on a continuing basis, contains information and pictures of current cases and prison conditions, including medication forced upon mental institution inmates, food and work conditions in labor camps, etc. Literally thousands of Soviet prisoners and dissidents are touched upon in these publications.

It is indeed true that any such organization does have a difficult time remaining totally impartial because of varying difficulties in obtaining reliable data in various countries. But our attitude, rather than being unwilling to offend, as Mr. Solzhenitsyn stated, is to offend all who continue to practice torture as a matter of governmental policy, and to abridge those rights guaranteed under the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

San Francisco, Calif. GRACE HARWOOD
Editor, *Matchbox*
The Quarterly Journal of AIUSA

On page 609 of the article "Solzhenitsyn Speaks Out," the following appears: "There can be no moral form of socialism. As Academician Shafarevich clearly shows in his studies, ethical principles not only are not inherent in socialism, but are opposed to it."

I would appreciate knowing where to go to get additional information on this point.

Miami, Fla. J. MARTINEZ

Igor Shafarevich has written extensively on this subject in his book Socialism, *not yet available in English. A shorter essay appears in* From under the Rubble, *reviewed in the July 18 issue of* NR. —LB

The New Majority

What a pleasure it will be, if William A.

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Rusher's new party really does get off the ground ["A New Party: Eventually, Why Not Now?" May 23], not to have to choose yet again between the look-alike Republicans and Democrats. Of late, the choice has been varied only by a Democratic presidential candidate so awful there was no alternative, and by the presence of the American Independent Party, objectionable for other reasons. But to have a real conservative party! My only worry would be whether a party with a base broad enough to include all the members of the coalition Mr. Rusher envisions would be able to hold together once it got into Congress. But the main thing would be that it had swept out the pack of liberal freshman Democrats.

Whittier, Calif. BETTY HENDERSON

I am old enough to remember Teddy Roosevelt's Bull Moose. If you want to give the Democrats the '76 election, a third party will do it. President Ford has had a difficult year. He has done well. The best one can do for our country is to support him when possible instead of constantly criticizing.

Albuquerque, N.M. E. R. KRATZ

If the new majority is to be rescued from gross yahooism and divisive futility, we must teach it to distinguish producers from drones by a criterion of free-market demand rather than by spurious criteria like concrete *v.* abstract or mechanical *v.* verbal. Bureaucrats are unproductive or destructive not because they have gone to college but because there is no genuine ultimate consumer for their social projects and commodity surpluses. Both Galbraith and Friedman are academics: one destroying our economy, the other building it. The shape of the head doesn't matter. Most of the anti-intellectuals I have met don't really hate information; they just don't feel they can handle it. We have to help them as best we can.

Santa Barbara, Calif. RICHARD DE MILLE

The Old Majority

Kevin Phillips' *Mediacracy,* reviewed by Jeffrey Hart [May 9], suffers from the common and very serious fallacy that facts and logic can arouse a majority of American voters to "curb the hated bureaucracies." Mr. Phillips is evidently unaware that the struggle has already been joined in many local and national elections, and in almost every instance the result has been defeat for the haters. Today there are more than 14 million voters on federal, state, and local payrolls. Together with members of their immediate families, these automatically cast, even without any urging from the news media, some 40 million votes against any political candidates who are merely suspected of favoring cuts in the size of the bureaucracies.

Now if, instead of hating, we try to understand the position of the bureaucrats,

(Continues on page 805)

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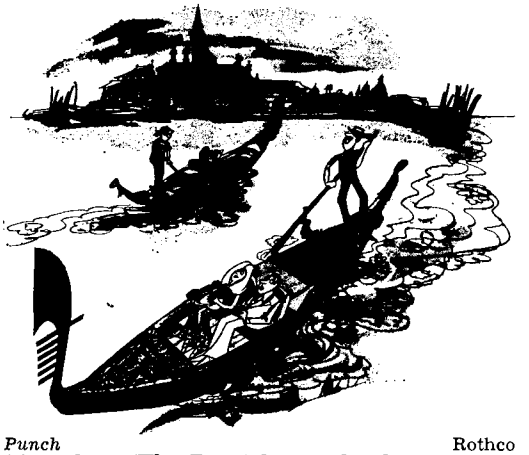
FOR THE RECORD

■ Lots of political activity last week. **Citizens for Reagan,** Sen. **Paul Laxalt** of Nevada, chairman, is starting to line up support for Reagan; but Reagan himself, not having formally announced, can continue his radio broadcasts on 310 stations around the country, and his TV appearances, without coming under equal time provision of the law. Laxalt says Reagan will go into the race against **Gerald Ford** a 40 to 60 underdog; latest **Harris** survey, three weeks ago, showed Ford leading Reagan 40 to 17 among Republican and independent voters. . . . Young Republican leaders, in talk with Ford campaign manager **Howard Callaway**, have refused to sign up with presidential camp. Their support for Ford will depend, they say, on whether Reagan actually does run and whether Ford "returns to the conservative principles of the Republican Party." . . . On Democratic side, **Sargent Shriver** is moving too, has set up a fund-raising operation. Shriver has roped a bunch of New Frontiersmen and other celebrities into his group, including actor **Paul Newman**, Wimbledon champ **Arthur Ashe**, author **Kurt Vonnegut**, women's libber **Sissy Farenthold,** and former Under Secretary of Defense **Cyrus Vance**.

■ In the week that Gerald Ford refused to see **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**, for fear of derailing detente, *Izvestia*, the newspaper of the Soviet government, *Pravda*, the newspaper of the Soviet Communist Party, *Krasnaya Zvezda* (*Red Star*), the newspaper of the Soviet army, and two other official Soviet journals lit into Defense Secretary **James Schlesinger** for his remarks about the use of tactical nuclear weapons, attacking him as an "enemy to the spirit of detente." . . . Ford stumbled badly in his rebuff to Solzhenitsyn—incoming White House mail on the subject was 100 per cent against the President. . . . (Going the Washington rounds: Ford will now see Solzhenitsyn if Solzhenitsyn can fit a meeting into his busy schedule.) . . . Sen. **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.) was so outraged he started a move to invite the Russian exile to speak to both Houses of Congress. . . . The **AFL-CIO**, which sponsored Solzhenitsyn's big talks in both Washington and New York, reports it has been deluged by requests for copies of both speeches. The Communist *Daily World* predictably blasted **Meany** for playing host to Solzhenitsyn; "such highhanded operations by the Meany bureaucracy are an intolerable abuse of the AFL-CIO, a slap in the face of its members, a degradation and perversion of its functions and purpose." . . . The *World* also reported that AFL-CIO press spokesman Allan Zack explained away the presence of "labor-baiting" Sen. **James Buckley** at the New York Hilton talk by telling reporters: "Buckley was invited by Solzhenitsyn, not by us." . . . And in the skies overhead **Apollo** chased **Soyuz**, caught her, linked up with her, and, over a Germany half slave half free, the astronauts and cosmonauts exchanged handshakes on July 17—halfway through Captive Nations Week.



Punch Rothco
"Somehow 'The Red Flag' lacks the romantic charm of 'O Sole Mio!' "

■ Troubles in store at **UN**: The **Union of Expelled Sudeten Germans**, representing three million Germans driven out of the Sudetenland by Czechoslovakia, has collected 100,000 signatures on a petition asking the UN for the same kind of observer status accorded the Palestine Liberation Front a year ago. . . . The (hold your breath) **National Anti-Imperialist Movement in Solidarity with African Liberation** (NAIMSAL, for short) has a drive on to collect one million signatures on a petition to expel **South Africa** from the UN. . . . And numbers of **New York** merchants are trying to collect $400,000 in unpaid bills run up by UN diplomats.

■ Of interest to conservatives: Newly ordained Father **Donald Sanborn**, who celebrated a traditional Latin High Mass in Hicksville, New York a fortnight ago, was the fifth American to be ordained as a priest in the Society of St. Pius V, an order dedicated to the preservation of the traditional Latin Mass. . . . The annual **ISI** summer schools will be held this summer in the East (Georgetown U., Washington, D.C.) the week of August 11 to 16, and in the West (Thomas Aquinas College, Calabasas, Calif.) and Midwest (Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.) the week of August 17 to 22. For info about these and other ISI summer events write: ISI, 14 S. Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.

■ Five newsmen on the State Department beat (**Richard Valeriani**, **Ted Koppel**, **Marvin Kalb**, **Barry Schweid**, and **Stanley Carter**) have bought themselves a two-year-old racehorse, are petitioning racing authorities for permission to name him: **Harry the K**.

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we might be able to develop a program which will benefit almost everybody and so obtain wide support. First, it is most important to remember that those who work for government took their jobs in good faith. On the basis of these jobs, they have established families, bought homes, planned their futures. They now promote the catalytic converter, harass businessmen, push pornographic textbooks not because they enjoy these tasks or are wicked but as the means for taking care of their financial obligations.

Practically all government employees would much prefer to drive trucks, paint houses, give private music lessons, or operate for private enterprises the office machines they now run for the government, if they were assured the same financial security they now have. This security can be achieved if, with the eradication of unnecessary government agencies, departments, or programs, all employees whose jobs have been eliminated are placed on leave with full pay.

Does this mean paying people to stay home and not even report for work? Yes. They are going to be paid anyway, and their not coming to work will save current huge expenditures for office space, maintenance, supplies. Further, the move will not only put a stop to the mushrooming of the bureaucracy, it will, through retirement and death, reduce payrolls by 4 per cent a year. This process can be accelerated by offering a bonus to those on leave who shift to private enterprise. Thus a $15,000 employee who earns $10,000 as a salesman will receive from the government $6,000. The government would save $9,000 thereby.

Silver Spring, Md. ABRAHAM H. KALISH

Hanoi's Program

As one who traveled South Vietnam's countryside by truck and jeep during several tours there between 1968 and 1972, and who met hundreds of Vietnamese civilians, soldiers, officers, officials, and their Vietcong counterparts with whom they had learned to coexist, the war came to square off quite differently for me than it did for Taki Theodoracopulos ["Looking Back on Vietnam," April 25].

For Hanoi, takeover of the south was secondary. Had it wanted only that, Johnson would have given it away in 1967; by then he would have settled for any terms which would allow the U.S. to get out "honorably." But Hanoi wanted much more. It wanted—to use Sir Robert Thompson's apt phrase—"to beat the Americans stinking." How could it continue to extract such generous aid from its socialist brothers other than as "the only member of the socialist camp to be destroying U.S. imperialism in one of its major staging areas"?

Fairview, N.J. DANIEL E. TEODORU

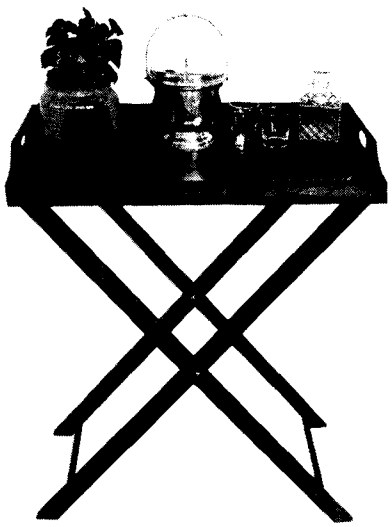
Oil: Who Profits?

Philip Bradley's article [May 23] on Arab oil and petrodollars is quite misleading. The OPEC cartel has arrived somehow at an artificial oil price of about $11, which seems to be what the traffic will bear—at least in the developed countries. Unless the price of oil could rise more rapidly than about $1.50 every year (the inflation rate plus a basic interest rate of perhaps 3 to 4 per cent), the oil countries are better off selling their oil quickly and using the money.

Another major factor in the oil equation, which Bradley doesn't mention, is that the Arab rulers may not be able to hang on to their oil for very long. Even without the Arab-Israeli conflict, the existing instabilities of the Middle East, with feudalist Saudis and Marxist Palestinians, Moslem fanatics like Qaddafi and right-wing Christian Phalangists, are bad enough, without dangling a prize of a trillion dollars of oil.

But it is ludicrous to argue, as Bradley does, that by pumping oil the Arab states are granting an "unappreciated subsidy" to the oil-importing world because the value of the assets they are acquiring is worth less than the oil. If oil is worth more, why don't smart investors buy some and hold it for resale? Let's not thank the oil producers for collecting monopoly profits.

Charlottesville, Va. S. FRED SINGER



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THE WEEK

■ TOP THIS ONE IF YOU CAN, DEP'T. Some of those fighter planes North Vietnam captured back in April have turned up in *Colombia* (the Russians, having liberated them from the North Viets, have traded them to Colombia for coffee), but the kicker is this. Colombia has dug up an old treaty that says the U.S. is obliged to supply spare parts for all U.S.-made weapons, and has handed Uncle Sam a shopping list.

■ Walter Heller, one of the chief architects of the inflation of the late Sixties and an apologist for the inflation of the Seventies, is at it again. His line—always—is that there is no danger of inflation from financing still larger deficits by creating still more new money, because the new money will only put idle men and machines back to work in industries and areas where there is ample slack. None of the money will bid up prices in industries operating at or near capacity, nor will it necessarily do so later in the recovery. There is no time lag at all in the Heller "fine tuning" model, so we can deal with inflation after it arrives. For now, says Heller in the *New York Times*, the Federal Reserve should "pledge to hold interest rates at or below present levels for the next six to nine months." The notion that the Fed can keep interest rates down by making money increasingly abundant is hilariously obsolete. A flood of new money makes lenders and borrowers expect more inflation, so interest rates rise to compensate for the shrinking dollar. A magnificent antidote to Heller's consistently wrong predictions is the short booklet by Senators Buckley and McClure, "An Alternative Economic Plan: A Proposal for Growth without Inflation." The book is available for a dollar from the ACU Education and Research Institute, 422 First St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. It is particularly recommended to columnist Tom Wicker, who evidently would rather write about economics than learn about it.

■ As the House investigates Michael Harrington's devious disclosure of secret testimony he procured by pledging not to disclose it, Harrington has found a defender: Morton Halperin, former staff member of the National Security Council, who, it will be recalled, has filed suit against Henry Kissinger for tapping his phone. "We would all prefer," writes Halperin, "a world in which the Executive does not violate treaty commitments abroad or deceive the public and infringe on constitutional rights at home, and in which the public and the Congress are given all the information needed for informed public debate and evaluation of Administration actions. But we do not live in such a world. Until we do, Congress and the public will depend on the acts of conscience of those who come to know, to inform the rest of us about how we are being deceived." Since Congress represents the public, and since the testimony in question was available to any congressman who could keep his mouth shut (or promise to), it is hard to see the problem. In fact it is the danger of such "acts of conscience" which now seems most likely to discourage officials from being candid, even behind closed doors, and which may have made Kissinger suspicious of Halperin, apparently with reason, in the first place.

■ The recent Conference of Mayors in Boston played a violin and waved a tin cup in the direction of the federal Treasury. The tunes played were plaintive. The lyrics all lamented the stingy attitude of the Federal Government toward the down-at-the-heels cities. The most popular refrain was one about "reordering priorities." A recent report by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, however, contains some pertinent statistics. In 1954, federal aid to state and local government was a mere $3 billion. In 1964, it was $10 billion. When the federal revenue sharing program went into effect in 1972, the amount climbed to $29 billion. Now this has been almost doubled, and stands at $56 billion. Moreover, in 1954 federal aid accounted for 11.4 per cent of state and local general revenue. By 1974 that had climbed to 26.5 per cent. One other statistic leaps to the eye. During the period 1955-1973, public employment at the state-local level increased by 119.5 per cent (compared with 17.1 per cent at the federal level, and 35.8 per cent in the private sector). These figures suggest that the Federal Government has not been stingy with the cities and that the mayors ought to take a hard look at their swollen municipal payrolls.

■ In a talk at Duke University several months ago, someone asked Daniel Schorr why the CBS commenta-

Browsing

I rifled through a *LIFE* from '45;
Back then a newsstand sold it for a dime,
The fleet was in and New York was alive
With sailors with the money *and* the time.
The *Mighty Mo.* was anchored, in her prime,
As Harry Truman's suite was piped aboard.
The photos have a hint of the sublime,
Suggesting peace and people in accord.
A shutter clicked; our "terrible swift sword"
Was suddenly a subject for remorse.
Within a decade, liberals abhorred
All politicians advocating force.
Now here's the final metamorphosis:
The lawyers are exonerating Hiss.

W. H. VON DREELE

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"Remember our media gentlemen's agreement: never photograph him above the waist."

tors appeared "soft" on Nixon the night of the resignation. Schorr replied that the CBS brass had issued orders to take it easy on the poor chap. In recent weeks the *Denver Post*, *Village Voice*, *New York* magazine, and the *Washington Star* have all carried stories mentioning Schorr and his comments; none, however, has been able to learn what Schorr actually said. He refused even to discuss the Duke incident with the *Village Voice* and told the *Denver Post* that he was unable "to clarify it without perpetuating it." On most occasions Schorr has been a conspicuous champion of the public's right to know, but sometimes the public should mind its own business.

■ A New Jersey court has convicted a man of murdering two babies born prematurely after he shot their mother in the abdomen, striking one of the babies. The baby that was struck lived for three and a half hours after delivery, the other for 15 hours. The judge, citing common law, instructed the jury that *fetuses* born alive after being victims of a criminal blow or wound to their mother were *persons* under New Jersey law and could therefore qualify as *murder victims*—an issue not formally resolved in New Jersey before. There is a factual parallel to the case in Boston in which the defendant, Dr. Edelin, was convicted of murder after a baby which he had tried to "abort" lived for a while after delivery, and then died. The warning to both abortionists and murderers seems to be to go that extra step to see that the baby dies in the mother's womb.

■ Henry Kissinger implied in a Milwaukee speech that the U.S. would walk out of the UN if Israel were expelled or suspended, and that it was the smaller nations that would be the losers. Echoing President Ford's declaration that the U.S. would not tolerate a "tyranny of the majority" (and sounding more like former U.S. Ambassador to India Daniel Patrick Moynihan than the present U.S. Ambassador to the UN, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, will be allowed to sound), Kissinger warned, "Those who seek to manipulate UN membership by procedural abuse may well inherit an empty shell. . . . The American people are understandably tired of the inflammatory rhetoric against us." The betting is that the 106-nation "nonaligned" bloc will huff and puff, but stop short of blowing the house down.

■ There were no Western newsmen, photographers, or TV crews present at Tyuratam to observe and report the launching of the Soyuz half of the joint Apollo-Soyuz project, nor were any Soviet newsmen, photographers, or TV crews present at Cape Canaveral to observe and report the launching of the Apollo half. The Westerners were absent from Tyuratam because the Soviet government had forbidden them to go. The Soviet people were absent because, though the U.S. Government had put no restrictions on them, the Soviet government had ordered them not to go. The contrast, the Soviet government had obviously concluded, would not have been favorable to the image of a government about to sign an accord pledging freedom of movement for people, ideas, and information (see below "Helsinki, Here We Come"). But in blotting that contrast out of the TV screens, the radio broadcasts, and mass media reports, the Kremlin unwittingly confirmed a truth long known but never publicly admitted: that those persons who pose as professional Soviet journalists, photographers, and radio-TV people are in fact agents of the Soviet state. It cannot even be imagined that the U.S. Government could order all journalists within a foreign country not to go somewhere or observe and report something open to them under the laws and regulations of that foreign country. And no American journalist would obey such an order even if, per impossibile, it should be issued.

■ The Soviets, Defense Secretary James Schlesinger reported in June, have installed in Somalia "a significant new facility, capable of supporting their naval and air activities in the northwest Indian Ocean." Specifically, he said, it is being equipped to load ships with surface-to-air missiles. Somalia and the Soviet Union roundly denied that there was anything more than a routine docking facility, with maybe a couple of ship-to-shore radios. The Somali government even invited two delegations of U.S. congressmen to come see for themselves. The House delegation was driven quickly past the Soviet quarters; there were no photographs, no discussions with anyone. But the Senate group, led by Dewey Bartlett, was unaccountably given the full tour: the Senator and accompanying newsmen were allowed to see missile

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Presenting . . . the leader for our troubled times. Representative Mo Udall (D., Ariz.), who wants to be President, led a brief fight to prevent Mr. Ford from enlarging the White House staff. The heavily Democratic House of Representatives defeated Udall 234 to 157. On the other hand, there is always Oklahoma's Fred Harris, who quit the Senate in 1972. He ran a brief "populist" campaign for President in 1972 but he had a passion for chartered jets, so the Wall Street liberal who was bankrolling him grounded him. This year Harris is off and running again, driving across the country to meet the people. He has issued a press release stating he will fight the good fight in the Iowa primary, which will be something to see because Iowa has no primary.

■ George McGovern, a glutton for punishment, has been visiting New Hampshire, a glutton for punishment, to see if the grass roots are lusting for him. He went there to face an unbiased audience—a handful of his most ardent supporters from 1972. According to McGovern's deepest political thinker, Alan Baron, "Most of them say, We don't think you should do anything right now." In what may be the understatement of the century, Baron says of McGovern: "No one is pushing him into the race." Baron says that McGovern thinks "it would be an uphill fight against President Ford." Meanwhile, back at the old Washington homestead, former Georgia governor, peanut farmer, submarine commander Jimmy Carter is poaching. He has been meeting with old McGovern campaign aides, trying to convince them that he is the Man of Destiny in the 1976 race. Carter won this tepid mini-approval from a former McGovern worker: "He makes a good impression as someone who might help to stop Wallace this time, even if you wouldn't want him to be President of the United States."

■ When you're hot you're hot, the song says, and Mr. Ford is. The latest Harris poll shows him crunching Edward Kennedy 50 to 43 per cent, a reversal of the 50 to 42 per cent Kennedy lead just four months ago. And a survey of Republican voters shows Ford beating Ronald Reagan 61 to 33 per cent.

■ Senator Frank Church, who gets more television exposure than Walter Cronkite, says, with heavy heart, it may be necessary to summon Richard Nixon to testify before Church's committee investigating the CIA. Since the Church committee got rolling in May, his name recognition among Democrats has risen from 24 per cent to 66 per cent. Senator Henry Jackson has been campaigning hard for three years and is only up to 75 per cent. Only George Wallace and Senators Kennedy, McGovern, Humphrey, and Muskie are in the superstars' 90 per cent range.

■ Just to keep abreast of your investments, taxpayers, please note that Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen has raised another $500,000 since the first of this year. But he has spent only $78,000. He is saving his big splurge for the big push in the primaries, when he also will be drawing heavily on your subsidies, as provided under the new campaign financing law.

■ Down the road in Richmond, just a short long-distance call from here, the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has stolen the march on the Supreme Court. It has struck down the Virginia law banning obscene telephone calls. The Court said that the law prohibiting "vulgar" and "threatening" calls is unconstitutionally vague and broad.

■ The investigation of alleged CIA assassination planning turned to the Kennedy Administration the other day, and produced the headline of the week, You Don't Say division: "Ex-Kennedy Aides Deny Death Plots." The runner-up in that division was a headline generated by Mr. Ford's swing through the Midwest: "Ford Acclaims His Economic Policies."

■ Damn! That was great news—while it lasted. The trashy reporter from the trashy *National Enquirer* who went through the Kissinger trash reported that Himself sometimes throws out the *New York Times* unread. Alas, Himself and his bride were out of town when the *Times* was thrown in the trash.

—CATO

bunkers, dollies, and crates, clearly of Soviet origin. They were even permitted to photograph a fuel facility, a barracks, and a Soviet ship. However, the Soviets are not so nice-minded about detente as President Ford. They flatly refused to let the Americans into their communications center. After all, the Somali guide explained, "This is where they talk to their ships, and they don't want you in there because you and they are not friends."

■ East Germany, like Russia, has discovered a surefire method of garnering Western capital: selling its citizens. The West German government recently disclosed that since 1969 it has purchased 5,000 political prisoners from East Germany at a cost of over $120 million. The average ransom is now about $24,000 per prisoner, but certain prisoners have a much higher figure on their heads. An East German scientist, arrested for "espionage" after corresponding with Western scientists, cost the Bonn government $120,000. For fear of jeopardizing the agreement, Bonn kept silent about it for six years, but it has become apparent that East Germany is cheating. About 40 per cent of a recent group of "political prisoners" was composed of shoplifters and other petty criminals charged with "harming and endangering the East German state."

■ Indira Gandhi can't quite see what all the fuss is about. True, the aid and adulation her country has received from the U.S. resulted, in significant degree, from India's status as the model Third World socialist democracy. But, Mrs. Gandhi reminds us, there is such a thing as *too much* democracy. What India needs now is "unity and discipline." It is too early to say whether India will be united and disciplined enough by 1976 to hold scheduled elections. But, says Mrs. Gandhi, after all, of the 5,000 people arrested in the first two weeks after she was convicted of unfair election practices, only 1,200 were political prisoners—and what is a lousy

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1,200 out of 600 million people? Another way of putting Indira's Law is: The more people you succeed in intimidating, the fewer people you have to put in jail! We should have included that in Point IV.

■ Questions of attire and decorum continue to engage the finest legal and cultural thinking around the country. In San Diego, a retired judge has announced that "the sidewalks are full of guys who ought to be castrated for society's good and their own." In Los Angeles, Noel Cannon, the famous "miniskirt" judge, has been dismissed from the bench by her peers, in part for offering to perform, with a .38, on a motorcycle patrolman who stopped her, the operation the San Diego judge recommends. In Washington, the Federal Communications Commission has asked Congress for authority to ban sex scenes from television, and one wonders whether the power will be broad enough to ban news from California. Georgia has banned salacious publications and movies, but not politics, and in Oklahoma, Mrs. Teri Moran has been hauled before the State Board of Barber Examiners to determine whether her topless shampoos are in violation of the barbers' professional code of ethics, that is, whether she is too competitive. Back in Washington, the Supreme Court may soon rule on whether conversation is permissible between consenting adults.

■ Congress has raised the possibility of initiating studies commencing debate on viable alternatives for meaningful action toward de-emphasizing the urgent legislative language of the 470 "national emergency" laws on the books, such as the one prohibiting trade with the enemy in World War I. While such haste by the World's Greatest Deliberative Body may appear unseemly to some, we have to applaud our representatives' intelligent recognition that the World War I crisis has eased markedly in recent months, justifying prompt consideration of further deliberation.

■ In Haverhill, England, Mr. Jim Miller, secretary of a fishing club, has appealed to the East Anglian water board to prohibit nude female swimmers from using a nearby lake, claiming that they prevent the fish from breeding. "We are furious about this," says Miller ungallantly, "it spoils our angling." Siddown, Miller, you're spoiling the view.

■ Boozy, a beer-chugging nine-inch African snail, has passed on in Hove, England. Boozy had appeared in TV beer commercials, and raised money for charities with guest shots in snail races. He died of alcohol poisoning.

■ True, this is the Age of Openness. Still, it comes as a surprise to find Senator Kennedy, a dark horse in the candor sweepstakes, proposing that it be made *a crime* for a politician to lie to the public. Not a bad idea. Euthanasia of the ruling class!

Ford Moves Right (Sort Of)

President Ford and his advisors recognize that the most serious threat to his current political fortunes comes from the Right. It is not clear, however, that they have correctly analyzed that threat, or that they recognize its implications for the future of the Republican Party.

First of all, of course, Ford has his Reagan problem, and in a series of moves since the *Mayagüez* affair he has endeavored to counter the Reagan threat. He named Dean Burch, Goldwater's 1964 campaign manager, his own temporary campaign chairman. Soon thereafter he designated as his permanent chairman a conservative Southern Republican, Secretary of the Army Howard Callaway, who immediately proceeded to slip Nelson Rockefeller something that looked very much like the Ace of Spades.

Ford also met with Republican congressional leaders and outlined the themes planned for his coming campaign: free enterprise, strong national defense, fiscal responsibility, greater government respect for the individual, more stress on state and local government. In addition, Ford has vetoed big spending bills and seen the vetoes sustained. He has come out for deregulation. He opposes a new "consumer" bureaucracy, and he wants to restrain the burgeoning food stamp program. A series of statements by Ford and by Secretary of Defense Schlesinger can scarcely be interpreted by Kim Il Sung as an invitation to hurl his forces southward across the 38th parallel: they just might be nuked.

What all this adds up to is the deliberate manifestation by Ford of recognizable mainstream Republicanism—what some analysts are calling Old Right conservatism: business-oriented economics plus strong national defense.

Not surprisingly, these tactics appear to have made some headway against Ford's Reagan problem. Reagan has been holding steady in the polls, but some erstwhile Reagan stalwarts (Paul Haerle, Henry Salvatori, David Packard) suddenly began to turn up in Ford's camp; and the Reagan camp has felt obliged to speed up its timetable.

But Ford's Old Right mainstream Republican tactics do not really solve his or the Republicans' problems if one looks beyond the nominating convention. The Republican Party has been steadily declining in the polls since about 1958. The Democrats have declined too, if less precipitously. The Independent category has shown dramatic growth.

There are those among Ford's closest advisors who consider that the Republican future, if any, lies in attracting liberals and moderates. Thus an *éminence grise* like Melvin Laird, while Old Right on economics and defense, resists any appeal to New Right "populist" conservatives. Laird supported the Family Assistance Plan, maneuvered to derail conservative anti-busing measures, frustrated conservative efforts to kill the legal services scheme, and protected the antipoverty boondoggles from conservative

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Cambodian Counterpoint

The evacuation of Cambodia's larger cities has been sensationalized in the Western press as a "death march" . . . [U.S. intelligence] sources gave birth to a flurry of sensational "bloodbath" stories, nourished with "eyewitness accounts," that made headlines in the days immediately following the surrender of Phnom Penh. The "eyewitness accounts" turned out to be second- or third-hand rumors, and the stories quickly disappeared in the press in the absence of any substantiating evidence.

—*William Goodfellow, Institute for International Policy,* New York Times, *July 14, 1975*

Dozens of recent Cambodian refugees . . . are telling of a nation in a state of total revolutionary upheaval that is rapidly returning to its undeveloped past of a century ago.

Relief at the end of the war was the initial reaction of most Cambodians to the Communist victory, according to the refugees. But that relief yielded to terror when the forced exodus of all the population from most inhabited places was announced.

—Henry Kamm, *New York Times*, July 15, 1975

The Lon Nol regime has become even weaker [than it was in 1974], and, should it fall to the insurgents, the Cambodian people will finally be rescued from the horrors of a war that never really had any meaning.

—The New Republic, *February 1, 1975*

[*The refugees*] *took flight on their own decision, always at high risk of detection or of perishing on the long treks through the jungle. They avoided paths for reasons that they attribute to fear of Angka . . . Angka is said to be the Communist Party of Cambodia. . . . There is fear of hunger, fear of dying by overwork, exposure, and the absence of medicine, and fear of being killed by Angka. . . .*

"So little is allowed that you don't know what they might shoot you for," [*Duong Samoeung*] *said.*

—Kamm, *Ibid.*

Cambodia, most cruelly, is a victim of whiplash: preserved as an island of relative peace under the quick-footed Norodom Sihanouk, it was betrayed by the Lon Nol coup of 1970 and then destroyed by the American "incursion," an invasion that created the successful Cambodian insurrection.

Of all the high crimes for which Richard Nixon must be held to account by history, none can be higher than the senseless destruction of the Khmer civilization.

—*James Thomson, Professor of Far Eastern Studies, Curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism, Harvard University,* New York Times, *April 10, 1975*

Cambodians are told that the past is finished and all habits of the past must be cast off; that all people are equal and everyone is master of his destiny; that Cambodia has defeated all foreign enemies, notably the Americans, but the internal enemy remains to be vanquished.

Those who resist are warned they will be crushed by "the revolutionary wheel," a phrase often repeated . . .

All Cambodia works under the direction of a remote and nameless entity commonly referred to as Angka or "organization." . . . Angka remains as anonymous as the word, according to the refugees' accounts. . . . None of the many people interviewed had ever seen any official higher than a local chief or knew the name and whereabouts of any higher leaders.

—Kamm, *Ibid.*

There was a cultural arrogance [on the part of U.S. officials], an imperial assumption that by superiority or sheer power our way of life must prevail.

—*Anthony Lewis,* New York Times, *May 12, 1975*

Cambodians must address each other as Samak Mit for men and Mit Neary for women. Those are new terms roughly equivalent to "Comrade." Subtleties of the Khmer language, which has different vocabularies and forms of address indicating social relationships, are forbidden.

—Kamm, *Ibid.*

cuts. Laird was a powerful advocate of Nelson Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency.

At the present time, the Ford Administration is sending out its Old Right signals under pressure from Reagan. But the Laird amalgam is present just beneath the surface, and it tends to percolate up when elections are not impending. And the Laird amalgam, even when combined with economic orthodoxy and a strong national defense, most certainly does not respond to the opportunities presented by the blue-collar and middle-class issues that have arisen during the years of simultaneous Republican and Democratic decline.

Therefore, even if Ford can gain the nomination as an Old Right mainstream Republican, deviating from time to time in a liberal direction on social issues, the consequences are easy to foresee. He will be in for some nasty surprises in the November election. Implicit in his present course is the prospect of a tough three-way race, with a New Right candidate, almost certainly George Wallace, exploiting the range of issues on which both of the other parties have defaulted.

Conservative Leverage

Conservative tacticians around the country have been meditating on a frustrating paradox. On the one hand, there appears to be a conservative majority—broadly

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ONCE UPON A TIME, about a dozen years ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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defined—in the United States. On a variety of issues the conservative position appears to be the popular one. Nevertheless, on the other hand, a kind of liberal tendency usually prevails in our nation's public policies. Thus, to choose one example, there is no national consensus in favor of federally funded legal services which, instead of addressing the practical problems of the poor, devote themselves to backing things like the American Indian Movement or César Chavez. Yet just such a legal services scheme is being served up.

Some conservative tacticians focus on presidential politics: get the conservative majority, they say, institutionalized in one party. Howard Phillips, national director of the Conservative Caucus, is pursuing another and perhaps complementary strategy. He knows that the congressman in Washington is subjected to a variety of liberalizing pressures. Well-organized liberal interest groups are a continuous presence. He is rewarded by the media for liberal positions, and penalized for the opposite. On a given issue, the congressman's own constituents may not have an informed or crystallized view: it is easier for him to vote liberal and propitiate the organized interest group. Phillips thinks he has an answer.

Phillips' strategy is to organize "new majority" power centers in the 435 Congressional Districts where members must stand for re-election. These power centers will reflect a variety of concerns: policemen interested in law enforcement, heads of families opposed to busing, people involved in struggles over textbook content, union members worried about environmentalist threats to their jobs, right to life people, members of civic and ethnic organizations. Such groups would be tuned in to the issues; a congressman's liberal vote would not pass unnoticed in the dark. Phillips hopes that they will be able to exert a countervailing leverage against the pressures operative in Washington. To date, some 50,000 citizens have signed on with the Conservative Caucus. Phillips hopes to multiply that severalfold within the immediate future. From this position of strength in the provinces, the Conservative Caucus would then conduct a kind of political guerrilla warfare against the bureaucratic and media elites concentrated in the capital.

Howard Phillips is a large and persuasive young man of seemingly inexhaustible energy, and he has been traveling thousands of miles in his organizing efforts, a sort of conservative version of Mao's Long March. Something clearly has to be done to check the leftward momentum of American politics, and Phillips may well have one promising answer.

The Reagan Candidacy

In politics, a moment comes
To sound the horn and beat the drums.
It's like a window in the sky;
Once missed, the moment passes by.
To advocates of hanging loose
I offer—free—a healthy goose.

W. H. VON DREELE

Helsinki, Here We Come

The Kremlin first proposed a summit Conference on European Security and Cooperation in 1954 and has kept plugging for it ever since. Brezhnev has long regarded it as the champion's garland that will crown his victorious career. He will not have to wait much longer for his prize. It now seems certain the conference will be held in Helsinki within the next few weeks, as Brezhnev, growing impatient—perhaps out of alarm that the state of his health might deprive him of his triumph if he had to wait much longer—has publicly and repeatedly demanded during recent months. The President of the United States, the President of France, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the Chancellor of West Germany, the heads of the other governments of the nations of Western Europe, and of course the heads of the governments of the Kremlin's family of East European states, will assemble in Finland at Brezhnev's behest to do obeisance.

Everybody knows, or surely should know by now, why the Kremlin has wanted this conference. As the Kremlin sees it, it will, first, serve as an equivalent for the never concluded treaty to end World War II. Specifically, it will confirm and legitimize the conquest of the East European nations by the Soviet empire.

The accord's affirmation of the "inviolability" of national borders obscures in verbiage, but entails in reality, Western acceptance of 1) the direct Soviet violations of borders in and through World War II: forcible incorporation of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia within the Soviet Union, seizure of large areas of Rumania, Poland, and Germany; 2) the indirect Soviet violations of borders by reduction of the remaining East European states to satellite status; 3) past and future direct Soviet violations of borders, in accordance with "the Brezhnev doctrine," to counter "a threat to socialism"—i.e., as in Hungary (1956), Czechoslovakia (1968), and wherever the Kremlin may decide that such a threat exists tomorrow; 4) indirect Soviet violations of borders through support of subversion and revolution in non-Communist nations.

The second "basket" (as each of the three main sections of the accord is called) deals with trade, industrial, technical, and scientific relations, environmental problems, tourism, etc. This basket means, as the Kremlin sees it, still better opportunities than it already enjoys for getting advanced Western technology on easy credit to shore up its dismal economy, and foodstuffs to make good the shortages made inevitable by totalitarian agriculture.

The third basket deals in an abstract, diffuse way with the "free movement of people and ideas." This means, as the Kremlin sees it, freedom for dissemination of Soviet and Communist propaganda and for agents within non-

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Communist countries, and continuing total control (in the interest of "peace and socialism") of the entrance of people and ideas into, movement within, and exit from Communist countries.

Fortunately, the accord to be signed in Helsinki will not be a treaty, and will not include any enforcement machinery. Nevertheless, it will have a considerable symbolic and psychological significance. We may be sure that the Soviets would not have pushed for it so long and so strenuously unless they had regarded it as very important and intended to make active use of it. The Communists have always paid close attention to the rhetoric and precise wording of treaties, accords, and other international documents. For them, the function of the Helsinki summit conference and accord, in addition to their role in enhancing Soviet prestige and legitimacy, will be: to assure the Soviet bloc and the Communists everywhere a free hand, while restricting policies and activities by other nations that are alleged to be anti-Soviet or anti-Communist in effect or tendency. In other words: the Helsinki conference is an integral factor in the pursuit of what the Kremlin means by detente.

"Must you, Ronnie?"

This meaning is sufficiently displayed by what is actually going on in these days just prior to the holding of the conference. *Item:* The "inviolability of borders" clause will be signed while Communists trained, supplied, financed, and armed by the Soviet Union, and supported politically by the Soviet and global Communist apparatus and media, are in the process of seizing power in Portugal. *Item:* The "free movement of people and ideas" clause will be signed a couple of weeks after the Kremlin refused to permit any Western journalist, photographers, or radio-TV people to be present at the launching of the Soviet half of the Apollo-Soyuz Detente Special.

We urge on Messrs. Ford and Kissinger the conclusion the *New York Times*' C. L. Sulzberger reaches in a July 13 dispatch from Lisbon: "The United States would be insane not to oppose a European security conference and block the scheduled summit, which—although delayed—remains Mr. Brezhnev's favorite project, unless it is preceded by a Soviet pledge not to interfere by any means in Portugal." Let us add: and unless the Kremlin opens up the Soviet Union, in the same degree as the Western nations are open to foreign journalists and travelers.

Court's Out

Court's out and the breathin' is easy—though the Burger Court, truth to tell, is less political than its predecessor. It has something for, and against, everyone; it hears the voices of America. Even its own political polarity is reduced. In only 32 per cent of the cases were there three or more dissents; the Nixon appointees voted together less than in the previous two years; so did the liberal Douglas-Brennan-Marshall bloc. One of the members of that bloc, Douglas, sat out much of the term, perhaps causing at least one case, involving capital punishment, to be put over (at considerable expense) for reargument next year. For the 287 felons who must now continue to wait on death row, the breathing is definitely not easy—though there is the compensating factor.

It was not a front-page year for the Court, which means essentially that the Court sundered the fabric of neither the law nor society. Perhaps the most daring decision was the one altering 120 years of U.S. admiralty law by ruling that collision damages should be apportioned among the ships involved according to the fault of each instead of making the most negligent party pay all. Many nations, by convention, abandoned that rule in 1910, as did England in 1911. I.e., it took the U.S. 65 years to get in step—from which tempered judicial movement there are lessons to be drawn.

The Court's record this term was not perfect. It extended to public school children due process rights similar to those of adults at a time when teachers need more

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authority to deal with chaos in the classrooms, not less. And it added a few more bricks to that absurdity which separation of church and state has become, this time forbidding states to provide parochial schools with aid to finance such auxiliary services as extra-religious counseling and remedial classes.

On the plus side were a decision holding that unions are not exempt from *all* antitrust laws, several decisions curbing the jurisdiction of federal courts, and one denying that what are called public interest law firms have a right to collect fees from parties they successfully sue. All in all, not a dramatic year for the Court, which still has a generation's worth of rebuilding to do after the Warren Typhoon.

The Wills Watch

Our foremost prodigal son, Garry Wills, continues his riotous living on the Left. His recent writings discourage the hope that we will soon rejoice in his homecoming.

For instance, there was his column about the plight of whales. "There are," he blubbered, "businessmen in Russia and Japan who would make a few last pennies by turning that vast species extinct." Those Communist capitalists are something! Clearly the Moscow black market is getting out of hand these days; but Garry didn't bother elaborating this startling aperçu, so we can only speculate.

Then, only seven years after his prediction of a racial "second civil war," he remarked in commenting on Tom Wicker's book about Attica: "Every lifted voice among blacks is a bid for martyrdom—and few such offers get refused. . . . [We must try to] prevent the psychic incineration of our fellow citizens, subtler and more gradual than Nazi extermination of prisoners, but inexorable. (German citizens, too, protested they did not know what went on . . .)" To be fair, he said this in *The New York Review of Books*, where you have to say such things, or you don't get invited back.

Then there were a couple of topical blunders that could happen to anybody. He ragged George Wallace a little for saying some dumb things about World War II, and it turned out Wallace hadn't even said them. And having made a trip to Israel, he did a piece for *Esquire* in praise of the Israelis, which ended on rather a high note: "If they do not keep the land holy, then no one can"—and wouldn't you know, about the same time it hit the newsstands, Prime Minister Rabin presided over a ceremony in honor of the two assassins who killed Lord Moyne in 1944.

But the goofiest one of all was his column about nuclear strategy. "There is no sanity within the hermetic world of thinking about the use of nuclear weaponry. The only sanity possible is in the renunciation of that use. We may coax and coax the other side to throw away its guns. But that will never happen until we throw ours away. [And then, presumably, *it* will?] The only justifiable 'first use' of our gun is to unbuckle it.

"We are told," he went on, "that Russia would then destroy us. Why? We are no longer a threat to them. And, destroyed, we are of no use to them. They will 'enslave' us. How? By stationing ten Russians in every township on our continent? They will take all our riches. How? By sending a Brink's truck to the door of every factory? These are the 'scenarios' intelligent men should be dealing with—not with Strangelove dreams of holocaust."

Just one question, Garry: Who, then, would protect *our* whales against *their* capitalists?

General Amin and the Queen of Hearts

General Amin: Whatya mean, "Off with my head!"?
I'm top card around here instead
Of you,
Royal shrew.
The Queen of Hearts: Ridiculous. I am the Queen of Hearts,
And you're just one of those faceless upstarts
Fit only to be a croquet hoop.
So stoop
Over. I wish to continue my game.
Amin: You have the name,
But I have the mallet,
And the only question is about your upcoming abdication: shall it
Be while you are alive or dead?
The Queen of Hearts (loudly): Absurd. Off with his head!
Guards, take this knave to the block
And decapitate him at precisely six o'clock.
Amin: You'll find, *ma petite*, that I am calling the shots not you,
And, in view
Of your treason,
I see no reason
Why I shouldn't have you croakquetted at dawn
Right on this lawn.
The Queen of Hearts (screaming): Guards, off with his head,
I said!
Amin: Look, Queen.
You got only one chance to get off clean,
And that is if you come crawling to my p-
Alace in Ugandaland. See?
The Queen of Hearts: Guards, forget what I said:
This joker is already off his head.

—JOHANNES EFF

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Notes & Asides

■ The Editor July 3, 1975
The New York Times

Dear Sir:

Having only just now crawled out of the ocean in Spain, I have begun to catch up on my reading. I note in a recent column by Mr. James Reston the following sentence: "When we arrived [at the Azores] it was reported that a 'foreign vessel' had arrived at the port of Ponta Delgada. We checked this immediately . . . and discovered the 'foreign vessel' was a yacht skippered by Bill Buckley, en route from Long Island Sound to the Mediterranean, with John Kenneth Galbraith, celebrating his retirement from the Harvard faculty, as part of the crew."

Alas, the consequences of congressional parsimony on U.S. Intelligence are already beginning to show. 1) We sailed from Miami, not Long Island; 2) the Galbraith on board was not my friend the 6-foot 11-inch emaciated Menshevik, John Kenneth, but my friend the chunky 5-foot 11-inch Manchesterist, Evan; and anyway, 3) surely it was Harvard, not Professor Galbraith, that had reason to celebrate? Yours cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW hit a new hypocritical low in the July 18 issue. On page 754, referring to the article on the catalytic converters, it is stated that 'General Motors . . . is placing ads extolling the private virtues of this new social nuisance." The rest of the article goes on to state how terrible these devices are.

While I cannot disagree with the substance of this article, I was nonetheless very disappointed to see, on the page immediately preceding this article, an ad placed by General Motors extolling the virtues of the catalytic converter!

It is dishonest, I think, to take money from an adviser on one hand, and then criticize that advertisement editorially on the other hand. It is the editor's duty, when there is a conflict of interest between editorial content and advertising, to change one or the other.

Very truly yours,
Raymond J. Bell
Kenmore, New York

Dear Mr. Bell: You are exactly wrong. It is a sign of integrity. Individual editors cannot be denied permission to criticize any policy or product of an advertiser. As it happens, the editors do not even see the advertising pages when they write the copy. What we *could* be accused of is not dishonesty, but stupidity; inasmuch as we need ads more than we need to inform the world of an editor's *ad hoc* reaction to a particular product of an advertiser. However, a moment's thought will suggest what kind of a journal anyone would end up publishing if criticism of advertisers' products was proscribed. Cordially, WFB

■ HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS MEASURE
INTRODUCED BY 24 IN HOUSE

Washington, March 25 (AP)—Twenty-four United States Representatives introduced a bill today to ban discrimination based on a person's sexual preferences.

The bill, which would amend the Civil Right Acts of 1964 and 1968, is designed to strengthen the rights of homosexuals.

Its chief sponsor is Representative Bella S. Abzug, Democrat of Manhattan, who told a news conference that the measure was needed "to guarantee that all individuals, regardless of differences, are entitled to share in the fruits of our society."

Dear Bill:

Did you notice what it is precisely Bella Abzug wishes to guarantee to all Americans—the fruits of our society?

Best wishes,
Eugene V. Clark
New York, New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a long-time subscriber, more or less generous contributor, and sincere admirer of *NR*, I was terribly disappointed to read in "Notes & Asides" of the April 25 issue the laudatory remarks from Dan Rather. Where do you support *NR* went wrong?

Yours truly,
Joseph Voyles
Department of German
UC, Berkeley

Dear Mr. Voyles: *NR never* goes wrong. If Dan Rather likes it, Dan Rather went right! **—WFB**

Barbershop Harmony

If Burger couldn't hack it
Or Rehnquist had the pip;
If Powell lolled about the bench
Without judicial zip,
The liberals would holler
"Resign! Resign! Resign!"
But since it's Douglas who is sick,
They sing "Sweet Adeline."

W. H. VON DREELE

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Excitements

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

TWO RECENT EVENTS illustrated the kind of summer season this has been. The events concerned two widely—if briefly—asked questions: "Was Alexander Butterfield a CIA agent infiltrated as a spy into the Nixon White House?" and "Is Gerald Ford trying to put some distance between himself and his Vice President?"

Mr. Butterfield, a retired Air Force colonel, is the man who, in July 1973, revealed, under skillful questioning by the Senate Watergate Committee staff, the existence of the White House taping system. This July another retired Air Force colonel, L. Fletcher Prouty, volunteered to CBS News that four years ago several persons told him that Mr. Butterfield was a CIA "contact" in the White House. Sinister, no? No.

Several years ago, when this reporter was working on the staff of the senior Republican senator on the Interior Committee, it was well known that a certain person on Mr. Nixon's staff was the "contact" for questions pertaining to Interior Department policy. I assume there were similar contacts for most of the other departments. A "contact" was nothing more than a man with some knowledge of and responsibility for relations between the White House and a complicated Executive bureaucracy.

But it is unlikely that Mr. Butterfield was a CIA "contact" even within the innocent and uninteresting meaning of that term. Mr. Prouty says that he was told Mr. Butterfield was a "contact" by the following people:

Two unidentified Air Force officers.

Robert Bennett, then president of the Robert Mullen Company, a public relations firm that Mr. Prouty says was a CIA front. (Mr. Bennett is now public relations director for Howard Hughes's Summa Corporation.)

E. Howard Hunt.

Mr. Prouty has not identified the two Air Force officers, and until he does no one can check what he says they said against what they say they said. Mr. Prouty says he went to see Mr. Bennett to see if Mr. Bennett could help him get a White House entrée as a director of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. According to Mr. Prouty, Mr. Bennett called in Mr. Hunt, who was working at the public relations firm, and Mr. Hunt said: "My contact is Butterfield. I think there'll be no problem, but let me check it out."

Mr. Bennett disagrees with Mr. Prouty's story. He says Mr. Prouty "has his facts all screwed up" and that "Butterfield's name never came up." But what if Mr. Bennett is wrong and Mr. Butterfield's name came up precisely as Mr. Prouty remembers? All Mr. Prouty remembers is Mr. Hunt saying he could contact Mr. Butterfield to see if Mr. Prouty could get in to see someone on the White House staff.

Mr. Butterfield says: "The fact of the matter is that I never was attached and never have been their [the CIA's] designated contact man." Needless to say, Chairman Frank Church, whose budding presidential campaign is the Senate committee investigating the CIA, plans to call Mr. Butterfield up to Capitol Hill to keep the non-story bubbling.

THE NEXT great excitement of this summer occurred when Howard "Bo" Callaway, Mr. Ford's campaign manager, invited the press around to the headquarters for snacks and banter. In the course of the fun Mr. Callaway said that Mr. Ford is running alone—that the Vice President's campaign for nomination is not connected with the President's. The Vice President's campaign? What will they think of next?

What Mr. Callaway meant is this:

The convention will vote for a presidential nominee, and then will vote for a vice presidential nominee (are you following this?) and delegates who will cast separate votes for separate nominees should be wooed separately. There are some conservatives who are fond of Mr. Ford as long as they are not reminded of the existence of Mr. Rockefeller. So (am I going too fast?) it makes no sense to link the two any sooner than necessary.

Mr. Callaway said nothing that isn't obviously true but what he said made a crackerjack eight-hour story, the theme of which was: Mr. Ford is "putting distance" between himself and Mr. Rockefeller. Of course the Callaway statement was just part of the old-fashioned flimflam that characterizes presidential campaigns, including Mr. Ford's campaign, which, you may recall, was announced not long ago as the campaign that would break the indoor record for candor, forthrightness, etc.

Speaking of flimflam, Mr. Ford says the 1976 convention will be "open" regarding the Vice Presidency. But evidently he intends to tell the convention his preference regarding a running mate and then "let" the convention act "openly," doing what it pleases with his preference. Uh-huh. The convention will have the choice of giving Mr. Ford the man he wants, or repudiating Mr. Ford just as he begins his campaign.

Of course there is an outside chance Mr. Ford will decide not to express a preference. In which case the Republican convention will be about as open as possible—as open as the Democratic convention was in 1956. Then the presidential nominee, Adlai Stevenson, expressed no preference for a running mate, so the convention turned into a contest between a Tennessee senator named Kefauver and a Massachusetts senator named Kennedy.

At a press conference a few days after Mr. Callaway's remarks, Mr. Ford described how "Vice President Rockefeller and I will conduct our efforts in the months ahead, the Vice President seeking his delegates and I seeking mine." What? If Mr. Rockefeller seeks his own delegates, he will be doing what he has sworn not to do. He will be putting pressure on Mr. Ford to pick him. But, then, Mr. Ford may be, and then again he may not be, out of the picking business.

This is all very confusing, which is what Mr. Ford and Mr. Callaway want it to be, and which is what it probably will remain right up to the point when Mr. Ford tells the convention which hoop to jump through. The ink spilled about all this, twelve months before the hoop-jumping, is kind of silly, but that is the kind of summer season it has been. □

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The Third Wave?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

THE HISTORICAL starting point of the Communist enterprise can be conveniently taken as the victory of Lenin's Bolshevik faction in the 1903 conference of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party. For some purposes, appearance of the Communist Manifesto in 1848 or, for that matter, of Plato's *Republic* in 375 or so B.C., might be more useful. In this temporal world there is no absolute beginning; our choice of starting point is always in some degree arbitrary. However, if our interest is in Communism not as a mere idea or episodic fringe happening but as an actual existing and developing historical enterprise—a going concern—then it is probably best to consider 1903 the birth year.

If we adopt a perspective from which we can consider, synoptically, the entire 72-year span of the enterprise's existence up to now, we will note that, though its total growth in these three generations exceeds that of any previous historical formation, its growth rate has not been uniform. The pattern seems to be that of a relatively static period in which little external growth occurs, followed by a dynamic burst that in a short time brings about a quantum expansion; a time of fairly calm water (to shift the figure) interrupted at lengthy intervals by a great tidal wave that submerges vast new land areas.

The period 1903-1917 was, in general, a preparatory phase of recruitment, indoctrination, and training of the Communist cadres—Lenin's "new kind of army." There were occasions of Communist activity during those years —in connection, for example, with the 1905 revolution and several big industrial strikes—but the actions were limited. Throughout this phase the Communist enterprise was weak in numbers and resources.

Then in 1917 came the first great wave, pouring out of the Russian heartland. It swept, at its flood, as far as Poland, Germany, and Hungary. When it subsided in 1922, most of the Russian Empire was left submerged.

Then followed a second relatively stable period, this time one of consolidation. The expansive drive was suspended. Defense of the Soviet Union as the fortress of the global revolution became the strategic task of the global Communist enterprise. Meanwhile, in the process of consolidating victory past and preparing for victories to come, the local cadres rallied around Stalin's slogan of "socialism in one country" and liquidated enough millions of actual or possible laggards to encourage the others.

The Second Wave

In 1941 the water briefly receded under the pressure of the Nazi attack, but the second great wave began to rise two years later and did not level off until 1949. During its dynamic years, it poured over the nations of Eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Eddies that reached into Iran and Greece proved temporary, but in 1949 a final surge engulfed Mainland China.

Again the phase of calm set in, with the primary attention of the enterprise turned once more toward internal consolidation, organization, and preparation, this time—as Communists would phrase it—on "a higher plane." "Peaceful coexistence," then "detente," became the analogue of "socialism in one country."

The calm was, of course, only relative. There were ripples and sometimes choppy seas. On the now gigantic scale, the internal problems of the Communist sector became more complex and—again in Communist language—subject to more acute "contradictions" than those Stalin dealt with in his genial way during the comparable 1922-1943 phase. Yugoslavia was not fully digested, Hungary and Czechoslovakia had to be chastised, and a major transmontane heresy arose in eastern Asia. Cuba was absorbed, but the absence of any significant repercussions in Latin America showed that this was an eccentric off-cycle occurrence. In Africa, the Middle East, and southern Asia there were local ebbs and flows.

Given this pattern, let us ask: Is the third great wave now approaching? The timing would seem about right, and signs that could be so interpreted are multiplying.

Our watery image may be getting overstrained. This time, geographically considered, the flood seems to be approaching not on any single front, but at this spot and that, as if a powerful, vast underground stream were breaking out wherever the ground was sufficiently weakened.

We might assume the Chile episode as the first such emergence. That proved premature; the break was repaired, for the moment at least. But in short order, on the opposite side of the globe, a stream surging out of the Annamese highlands swirled over South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos, and now laps at the borders of Thailand, Burma, and Malaysia. Simultaneously, 8,000 miles to the northwest, the Iberian stretch of the West European dikes is crumbling under the rising pressures. In Africa, new leaders take control of the southeastern region, with its 1,500 miles of Indian Ocean coastline, in the name of the heretical branch of the enterprise, while a local offshoot of the orthodox branch fights for control of the southwest region. It may even be that the shift in India, which has swung that huge subcontinent still further outside the remaining Western sector if not yet fully into the Communist, should be understood as a manifestation of this new surge.

Tread on Me

I am here considering what at present can be no more than a tentative hypothesis. Moreover, even if the third wave is already in motion, it may differ in many characteristics from the first two, just as the second differed from the first. The most critical difference this time (if the third wave is in truth here) would seem to be the softened, at many points nonexistent, resistance. The Western nations—all the Western nations—stood passive while Indochina was overwhelmed in a matter of weeks. And the Western nations —all the Western nations—stand, sit rather, no less passive as the third wave surges over one of their own charter members. Not merely sit passive: drink toasts, at conferences on earth and meetings in space, with those who are riding the waves that are bringing the West's destruction. □

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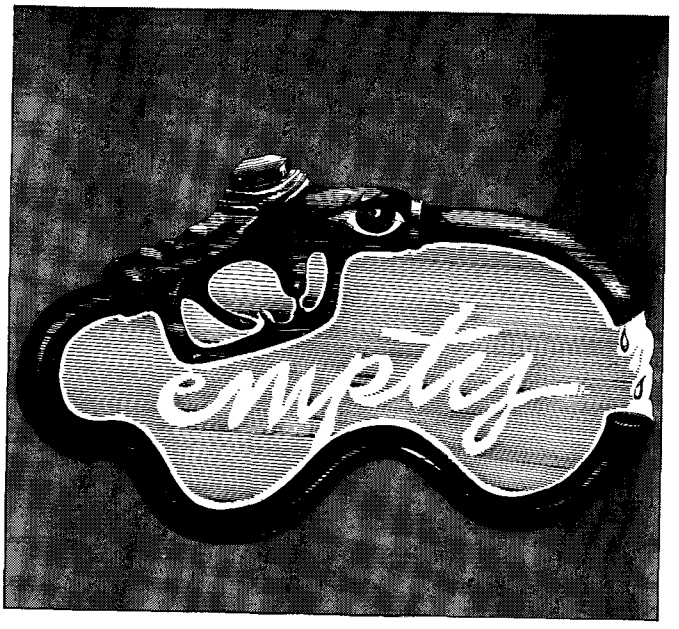
DAVID P. STANG



Energy Rhetoric on Capitol Hill

Is the U.S. Running Out of Gas?

JUST OVER four and a half years ago several Democratic senators tried to persuade the Nixon Administration that the nation's energy situation was becoming so severe that a blue ribbon study commission should immediately be appointed to look into the matter. The response of the White House was essentially, Calm down, Chicken Little.

The senators were not to be deterred. If that's how you feel, Mr. President, we will conduct our own study, they said in effect. And so they did. On May 3, 1971, Senate Resolution 45 was adopted. It commissioned a National Fuels and Energy Study to be conducted on behalf of the United States Senate. The resolution specified the scope of the subject matter to be investigated and ordered that the study proceed under the leadership of the Senate Interior Committee with ex-officio representation to include the chairmen and ranking Republican members of the Committees on Public Works and Commerce, and two Senate members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Senate Resolution 45 mandated that a report, together with recommendations for legislation, be prepared by February 29, 1972.

A right proper whirlwind of activity followed. Hearings were held by the score. Prominent experts from the private sector and the Administration presented reams of testimony. Often the TV networks would set up their lights and cameras in the packed Interior Committee hearing room to film a story for the evening news. The chairman announced repeatedly that the time had come for action, not words. February 29, 1972, came and went, however, and no report had been filed. On March 6, 1972, Senate Resolution 231 was adopted extending the study for another year.

Quietly, on February 22, 1973, the Senate adopted Resolution 33, which extended the National Fuels and Energy Study for still another year. 1973 was to become the year of the Arab oil embargo. It was a year in which people for the first time since World War II had to wait in long lines at filling stations to buy gasoline in uncertain, and often inadequate, quantities. It was a year of Sunday closings and empty pumps.

Surely, it would have to be the year that the Senate received the carefully researched and comprehensive recom-

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mendations of its National Fuels and Energy Study. But by the February 28, 1974, deadline established by Senate Resolution 33, no report of any size, shape, or form had been submitted, or even drafted or filed.

Senate Resolution 245, adopted March 1, 1974, added new members from four more committees in addition to the four already represented on the study and extended the reporting deadline for still another year. February 28, 1975, passed quietly by—as had the three previous February 28s—and hundreds of thousands of taxpayer dollars had been spent without a word from the National Fuels and Energy Study. In fact, up to the minute this article went to press, there was no known intention on the part of the chairman or members of the study ever to file a report.

There is a compelling reason why this was so. Politically easy answers to complicated and controversial problems are seldom to be found.

There is, and has been for some time, a rational answer to the energy crisis. If the objective is to bring domestic energy supply and demand into balance, there is no sounder way to achieve that goal than to let the price mechanism go to work. Higher energy prices have a double-edged advantage. They elicit increased supplies while encouraging a lessening of demand. Such an approach is predicated on sound, fundamental economics—but good economics and good politics seldom mix well any more.

Usually, congressional Democrats read and heed public opinion polls more astutely than most of their Republican counterparts. Higher consumer prices and higher taxes on energy are not exactly what the public most desires. Nor are offshore drilling, surface mining, new refineries, expanding tank farms, networks of pipeline construction, additional nuclear facilities, or new power plants spewing forth black clouds of coal smoke. On the other hand, the public desires cheap and abundant power.

IF SOMETHING is going wrong in energy development (and doing something constructive about it is too hot a political potato), somebody should be blamed. It didn't take the politicians long to discover a villain: the oil companies, commonly believed to be reapers of excessive profits, blatant polluters, heartless and insensitive monopolists, price-fixing conspirators, masterminds of false energy shortages, tax dodgers, etc. The fact that oil companies are the people who explore for, produce, refine, transport, and market petroleum doesn't help. No good politician can vote for incentives to help the bad oil companies.

Since legislating incentives that would boost oil industry profits in order to increase domestic energy supplies was a political no-no, how was the government to guarantee America adequate energy supplies at low consumer prices? How could the Congress guarantee American fuel consumers something for nothing? Create some new government agencies, that's how! The Federal Energy Administration (FEA), the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, and the Energy Resources Council were all created in the past two years; the requested budget for FEA and ERDA alone, for the next fiscal year, is nearly $5 billion, with a projected 10,000 government workers—all to tell the U.S. energy industry what it is doing wrong.

Back in 1971 when the Senate's National Fuels and Energy Study was getting started, the United States was importing about 25 per cent of the oil it consumed. Four years later our imports had leaped to nearly 40 per cent of total U.S. oil consumption. Without belaboring the point, if the objective is to bring domestic energy supply into balance with demand, then either supply must be increased or demand decreased, or both. The FEA estimates that $561 billion (in 1973 dollars) must be spent between now and 1985, if domestic energy self-sufficiency is the goal.

To achieve 90 per cent domestic self-sufficiency in oil and gas will require, says the Chase Manhattan Bank, drilling five billion feet between now and 1985. This is equivalent to one million wells averaging five thousand feet in depth. According to Chase, this level of drilling activity would require 4,500 active rigs. There are 1,904 rigs operating in the U.S. today. Present domestic capacity for adding rigs is estimated to be only two hundred per year.

MAJOR INCENTIVES will be needed to attract that kind of capital and that level of development. Just what has Congress done in the last two and one-half years to encourage the development of future energy supplies?

1. The Tax Bill which became law this spring eliminated, retroactively to January 1, 1975, the oil depletion allowance for all producers classified as integrated companies. It retained the depletion allowance, to be reduced to 15 per cent by 1985, only for the first 1,000 barrels of oil per day or 6 million cubic feet of natural gas produced by each independent producer. Another provision of the bill substantially reduced foreign tax credits. These provisions of a law curiously entitled the Tax Reduction Act will add an estimated $2.1 billion to the industry's annual tax bill.

The absurdity of it all induced Senator Clifford Hansen to introduce the following amendment to the "findings and purposes" section of one of several energy bills recently considered on the Senate floor:

> . . . although recognizing the manifold problems associated with such energy shortages, the Congress is absolutely committed to continuing their existence. . . . [This bill] confirms the intent of the Congress to enact disincentives to increasing domestic energy supplies in order to establish rationing programs so that more government jobs may be created for the unemployed; and it is the intent of the Congress that domestic energy supplies decline as rapidly as possible so that fuel shortages may become so severe that the unemployment rate will drop to zero because all the persons now unemployed in the United States will be needed to design and administer programs for the Federal Energy Administration on how to ration the United States' declining supplies and increasing fuel shortages.

2. The 1973 Emergency Petroleum Allocation Act kept petroleum under regulations established by the Phase Four Price Control Program. This Act was extended in 1974 until August 31, 1975. Congress seems to favor holding down oil prices in order to "protect" the consumer, regardless of the adverse effect of such a policy on a supply of domestically produced energy available to him.

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3. There was the marvelous attempt in December 1973 to roll back oil prices. In effect, the emergency legislation then under consideration permitted any buyer of petroleum products to sue the seller for that part of the purchase price that the buyer thought to constitute windfall profits. The provision was so absurd that Senator Gaylord Nelson, the consumerists' idol, led a winning floor fight against the bill. A second version of the bill reported by the conferees contained a slightly less insane provision which would have rolled unregulated crude oil prices back to $5.25 per barrel. This carried through both Houses but was successfully vetoed by the President.

4. The Congress passed a measure prohibiting the President from levying import fees on imported oil, which was vetoed on March 4, 1975. Since the President granted Congress a sixty-day grace period to produce an acceptable alternative to his import fee, the vetoed bill was never called up for an override vote. Its passage, however, was a rejection by the Congress of the price mechanism as a means of increasing domestic supply and curbing demand for imported fuels.

5. The Federal Energy Administration has projected a 40 per cent decline in U.S. natural gas production by 1985 unless gas prices are deregulated. Nearly all economists familiar with the natural gas pricing issues, liberal or conservative, have recommended deregulation. The only legislative response to date has been the preparation of a highly controversial natural gas bill by the Senate Commerce Committee, which, in the words of a highly respected natural gas lawyer, is "extremely difficult to understand and produces a complex multi-tiered pricing structure for new natural gas, with numerous anomalies and clear disincentives to a supply response."

While Federal Power Commission regulation of wellhead prices of natural gas has been recognized as the principal cause of our nation's natural gas shortage, the feeling of a majority of the Senate Commerce Committee is that more, rather than less, federal regulation holds the key to solving the natural gas supply problem. And in their hands lies exclusive jurisdiction—on the Senate side at least—over this issue.

In addition there have been Senator Stevenson's bill calling for the creation of a Federal Oil and Gas Corporation (FOGCO); Senator Jackson's bill calling for the creation of a National Energy Production Board which would only partially nationalize the U.S. oil, gas, coal, steel, and railroad industries; and Congressman Rangel's House Resolution 229 calling for outright nationalization of the U.S. oil and gas industry. Bills such as these and the political climate which generated them have induced so much fear and uncertainty within the petroleum industry that several companies have begun seriously to consider diversification into other fields as a hedge against nationalization of their energy interests.

Other bills too have had an adverse effect on increasing domestic energy supplies. The Alaska pipeline legislation and Deepwater Ports Act slapped stringent regulatory controls on petroleum industry field operations. The sponsors of last year's Energy Supply Act this year admitted that the title of their bill to intensify federal regulation of offshore drilling operations was grossly misleading. They retitled their warmed-over legislation the "Outer Continental Shelf Management Act of 1975." If its chief sponsor, Senator Jackson, prevails, it will launch the Federal Government into the offshore drilling business.

Three other categories of legislation under serious consideration or already enacted into law have had a deterrent effect on increasing domestic energy supplies. These include a) environmental laws governing the production and use of energy; b) antitrust measures which limit diversification into new energy fields by, and cooperation between, oil companies; and c) provisions pertaining to mandatory and nearly unrestricted reporting and disclosure of internal corporate proprietary information to the Federal Government. Senator Jackson's yet unintroduced, but much talked about, federal corporate chartering bill is a prime example of the last.

So the President challenged Congress: If you don't like my energy program, he said in effect, design a better one

In each of the above-cited examples the trend has been threefold: to discourage increased domestic energy production by the private sector, to intensify federal regulatory authority over the energy industry, and to encourage the Federal Government to supplant or stifle the energy producing activities of the private sector.

Doing nothing at all about increasing domestic energy supply has its advantages when the President, too, adopts a do-nothing posture and the media remain indifferent to the issue. It has its disadvantages when the President presents to the Congress an unprecedented, carefully thought-out, comprehensive solution to the nation's energy problems. President Ford's energy program transmitted to the Congress early this year contained 13 separate titles designed collectively to achieve near self-sufficiency by 1985, by bringing domestic supply and demand into balance. The linchpin was the removal of major impediments to increasing domestic energy production. This meant, among other things, decontrolling oil and natural gas prices and relaxing environmental controls on energy production and use. It meant a tariff on oil imports which, when added to decontrolled petroleum prices, would provide a pocketbook incentive to use less fuel.

The response to the President's program by liberal congressmen and senators was a barrage of press conferences accusing the President of desiring to rip off the American consumer in order to make the "fat cat" oil companies even richer. They claimed that during a critical time of recession and inflation, the nation could not afford higher energy prices. Conservation and, indeed, perhaps even rationing were preferable. This meant reducing energy demand.

So the President challenged Congress: If you don't like my energy program, he said in effect, design a better one. In January the Democratic leadership in Congress demanded time to formulate an alternative energy policy.

The national press during the four years of the anticlimactic National Fuels and Energy Study had shown great sympathy for the Democratic Congress. The Congress was

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to be praised for seizing back the power that had been usurped by a President whom the media strongly disliked. The media's dislike for Nixon and admiration for the Congress spilled over into the realm of energy policy. Certainly the Congress could do a better job on energy policy than a President out of touch with reality.

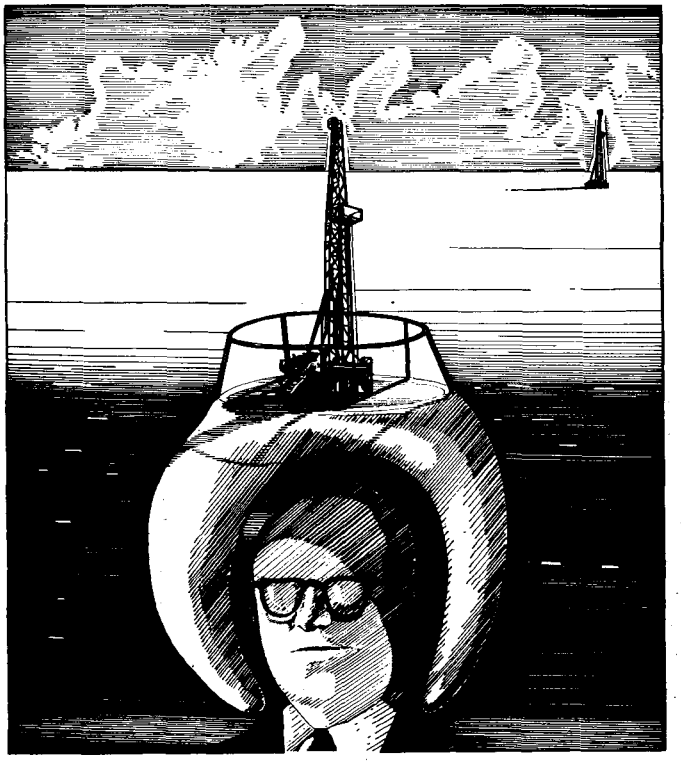
But by the start of the 94th Congress, media patience with the Congress had begun to dwindle. The new President had done his homework and made a credible energy proposal. But the Congress wanted more time.

In a January 6 editorial, the *Washington Post* declared:

> Congress, and specifically the Democratic leadership, is behaving rather badly. Its committees have been exploring the economics and technology of energy with considerable skill for more than two years, and they understand the choices as well as the Administration does. The Democratic leadership's cries of further delay now are hardly more than a plea merely to postpone unpleasant but urgent decisions.

Rather than formulate its own program either to increase supply or to reduce demand, Congress passed a law to remove the President's existing authority to impose fees on oil imports. As stated above, the President vetoed the bill and in his veto message said he would refrain from imposing the additional $2 fee on imported oil for sixty days in order to give Congress the opportunity to devise an acceptable alternative energy policy.

The Democratic leadership in the House and Senate moved quickly to establish their own instant energy studies. During the late winter and early spring, Senate Democrats and two groups of House Democrats met with uncommon regularity to hammer out a response to the President. At the meetings the lesson of previous debates over the mandatory allocation legislation came back to haunt them. Who was to be without fuel? The response to any rationing proposal would be, All right Senator, on the surface that sounds fine, but its impact on my part of the country would be devastating. Thus, your idea is unacceptable.



Meanwhile, within the Federal Energy Administration a task force was formulating a contingency plan for gasoline rationing. Their program to tell Americans how much gasoline they can buy would cost an estimated $400 million to set up, and $2 billion annually to maintain. Preparation of this plan involved just the sort of difficult choices that Congress has been unable to make.

SENATOR JACKSON, meanwhile, was arguing for oil price rollbacks because oil price increases over the past two years had not resulted in the production of any more oil domestically. He neglected to mention the favorable impact of higher prices on reducing the rate of decline in domestic oil production. Senator Jackson represented his own bill, S-622, the Standby Energy Authorities Act, as a comprehensive and responsible answer to the President's energy program. This, he alleged, contained the key to reducing energy demand and therefore our growing dependency on Arab oil.

Washington Post columnist David Broder's analysis of Senator Jackson's bill stated in part:

> That bill is a hodgepodge. Part of it gives the President certain emergency powers, which he might use in case of another oil embargo, unless blocked by Congress. But to this marginally useful grant of authority, the Senate Democrats attached a complex provision, full of high-sounding aspirations and short of policy directions. It commands the Federal Government and all fifty states to devise energy conservation programs (again subject to congressional veto) that will supposedly cut energy use the equivalent of 800,000 barrels of oil a day without hurting anyone.
>
> It is as near-perfect an example of buck-passing as Washington has ever seen. . . . None of the sixty senators who voted for the bill seemed to care. And the suspicion among those Republicans who opposed it is that [Frank] Barb [the FEA chief] and his boss, the President, are being set up as the fall guys when the program inevitably fails. . . .
>
> By the most charitable interpretation, the senators abdicated their own responsibility for hard decisions and left the country with what can only be called a false-front façade of an energy policy.

There was only one noteworthy omission in Mr. Broder's analysis of Senator Jackson's bill: the fact that it would require the Federal Energy Administration to regulate not only the operating hours of all the merchants in America but also how much energy each of the nation's hundreds of thousands of plants, mills, and factories would be permitted to use.

Worried about the imminent lapse of the sixty-day grace period granted the Congress by the President, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield wrote to President Ford in April, claiming in essence that the energy negotiations between the Administration and congressional Democrats (which the press was describing as a near-total bust) were in fact a roaring success. Senator Mansfield said blandly that the Administration and congressional Democrats were in accord as to long-range goals, the only problem being that they could not agree on how to achieve them. Unfortunately, this had been the problem all along. Mansfield urged the President to permit the legislative process to continue beyond the May 1 sixty-day grace period.

Senator Jackson, whose S-622 had meanwhile been buried

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by the House Commerce Committee, to which it had been referred, was pushing still another bill, his S-621, to prevent the President from decontrolling "old oil" prices and from imposing any more taxes on oil imports, as well as to require him to place under price controls "new," "released," and "stripper" crude.

It is to be recalled that "old oil" (crude oil amounting to about 60 per cent of domestic supply and produced from most U.S. wells in existence when the Emergency Petroleum Allocation Act was passed in 1973) remains to this day under price controls at $5.25 per barrel. The price of "new," "released," and "stripper" crude is presently unregulated, which means that it sells at market prices which are approximately twice the regulated price.

The largely erroneous theory upon which regulated prices for "old oil" were established was that it took no extra investment to pump oil from existing, producing wells; therefore no special incentive was necessary. On the other hand, the theory maintained was that to motivate an oil company to drill a new well did require an added incentive, and therefore a higher price would be justified for the production of new oil. What the price regulators forgot about was that regulating the price of old oil had the practical effect of nearly eliminating 60 per cent of the nation's oil production.

ONLY THROUGH use of the unregulated price mechanism can domestic supply be encouraged to develop to the point of surplus, thereby not only freeing us from dependence upon OPEC oil prices we cannot control, but also causing domestic prices ultimately to decline due to supply again exceeding demand. In short, there is no way to regulate domestic energy prices and free ourselves from increased dependency upon imported petroleum at the same time. These are mutually exclusive policy goals.

Cheered on by the mess congressional Democrats were making of things and the unprecedented press criticism of their bungling, Senate Republicans put on their war paint, and got ready for another floor fight. Assuming S-621 would pass, given the heavy Democratic majority, their strategy was to win enough votes to sustain a veto. Minority Leader Hugh Scott and the Interior Committee's ranking minority member, Paul Fannin, teamed up on a letter imploring their Republican colleagues to vote against the bill.

Their efforts paid off. Not only did they succeed in getting enough votes to sustain a veto, but they came within six votes of defeating S-621 itself.

Democrats were beginning to worry about the press, the President, and the prospect that oil import levels would soon reach 50 per cent of total United States oil consumption. Congressman Morris Udall and Senators Frank Church and Philip Hart introduced separate but similar legislation they thought would solve the oil import problem. Their bills would establish the Federal Government as the sole agent for importing oil into the United States. This way the OPEC cartel would have to deal with Uncle Sam instead of the international oil companies, they argued.

The proposed scheme, wrote the *New York Times*, now joining the ranks of media critics of Congress,

> . . . would be an administrative nightmare. It would be all but impossible for a single agency to act as the sole purchaser of nearly 4 million barrels daily of crude oil for well over one hundred American refining companies with many different quality requirements and logistical problems. Crude oil may appear to be a fungible product to outsiders, but it is highly diverse to those who actually use it. The inclusion of some 2.5 million barrels a day of imported refined products would, of course, add further to the problems of a single federal import agency and could force many of the independent oil importers out of business.

The final week of April ticked away and still no Democratic alternative which would increase energy supply or reduce demand had been enacted. On April 30 President Ford, in identical letters to House Speaker Albert and Senate Majority Leader Mansfield, noted that although he had granted Congress the requested sixty days, it had accomplished nothing. Mr. Ford then announced that he had directed the Federal Energy Administration to implement, by June 1, a program to phase out price controls on old oil. In addition, the President repeated his request for a windfall profits tax on crude oil production coupled with strong incentives to step up domestic exploration and production. He also granted the Congress another thirty days to produce legislation dealing with the oil import problem before he would be forced to add the second dollar per barrel fee on imported crude.

A May 8 Lou Harris poll reported that "a 45 to 31 per cent plurality now favors 'deregulation of the prices of all oil and natural gas produced here.' This result is a marked change in public attitude from last July when a 42 to 23 per cent plurality opposed deregulation. This opinion represented a major gain for President Ford."

The same poll contained other bad news for proponents of expanded federal regulation. Seventy-three per cent of those questioned favored offshore oil drilling on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts while only 13 per cent were opposed; 71 per cent opposed "the Federal Government taking over the oil companies and regulating them like a government corporation," while only 16 per cent favored the concept.

Public opinion since January of this year has been moving in this direction. Somewhat simplified, increasing numbers of Americans would rather bear the pain of paying more for gasoline and retaining their right to buy as much as they want or can afford than have the government tell consumers where, when, in what quantities, and at what price they will be permitted to acquire their fuel.

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On May 15 the House Ways and Means Committee reported out the Ullman bill by a close vote of 19 to 15. It contained five long titles. In essence, it rejected the marketplace approach and substituted a highly complicated taxation and regulatory scheme. It failed to include the windfall profits tax with the investment plowback credit requested by the President. Pressures, including those of automobile manufacturers, labor unions, and consumer groups, were successfully directed toward watering down the bill to the point that it had become a laughing stock before it was finally passed in mid-June.

(Continues on page 827)

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Eth and I have given our grandchildren a year of freedom from worry about food

We can help you do the same for someone you care about

We sure like *National Review*. We keep responding to all those Please-Extend-Your-Subscription appeals. (We asked out of curiosity recently; found out we're paid up through November '78!) And we find ourselves so beguiled by the cogent, literate counsel in these pages that we tend to expect the world to take heed, to shape up and do right.

No such luck. The McGoverns and the Drinans and the Javitses ride on. And the troubles keep multiplying. High on the list: inflation, especially in food prices.

Eth and I don't know what we can do personally about the Mid-East or Panama, but we've felt that if there's a way for us to squirrel-away a little food in this season of abundance, then conservative wisdom insists we do it. It's bound to save us money and worry.

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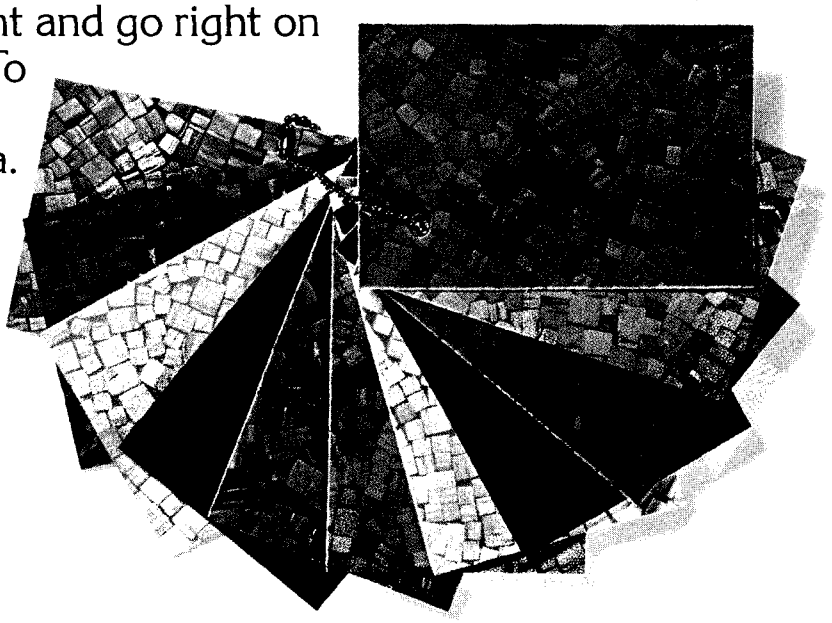

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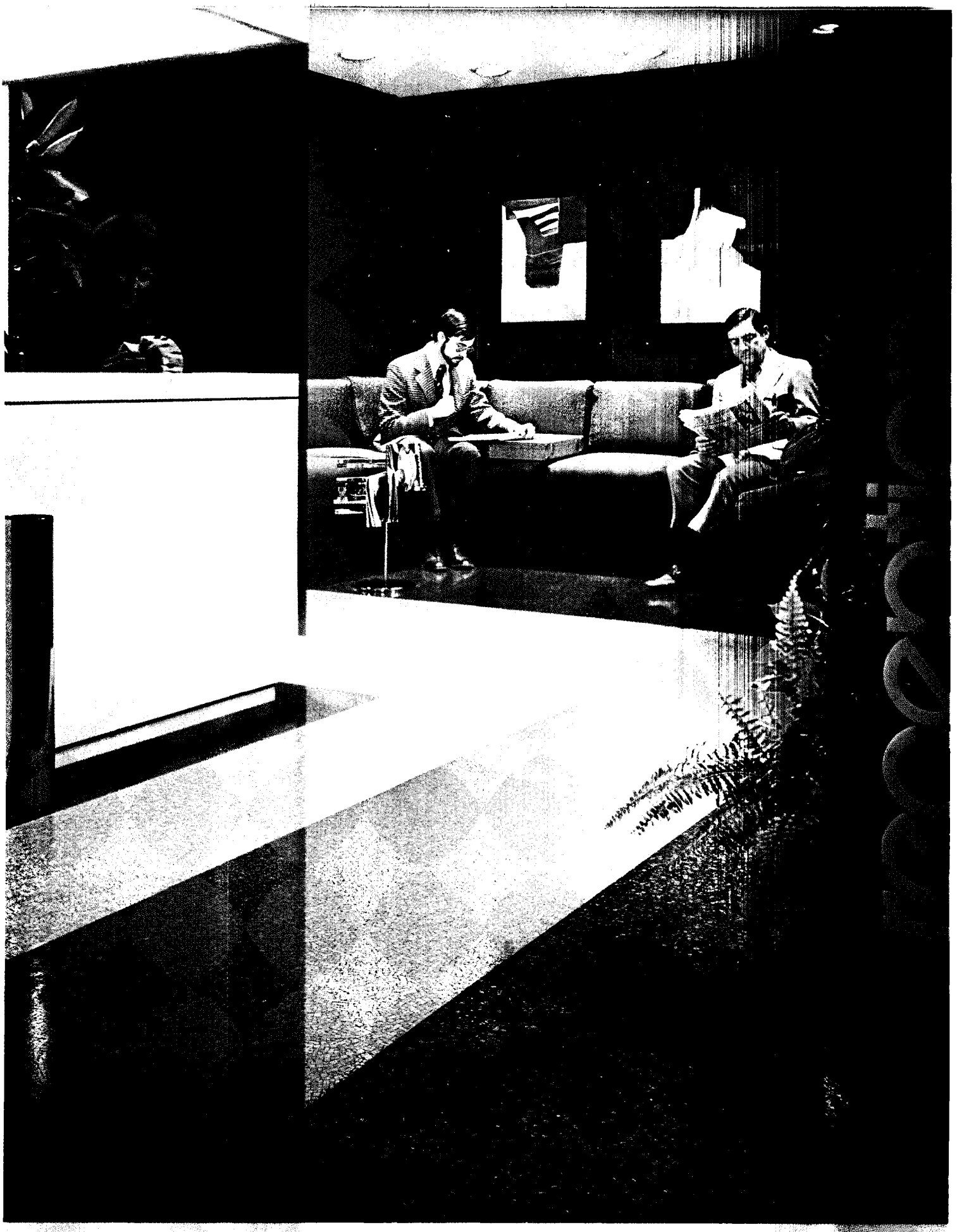

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Of all the creatures that fly, the eagle is the most impressive, the noblest and the most powerful. Its wings may span 98 inches. It soars endlessly on rising air currents and its keen eye can spot a prey three miles away.

From the kings of ancient Egypt to the legions of Rome and Napoleon's armies, the eagle has symbolized power. Flags and military standards, coins, and seals representing orders of nobility or merit all were emblazoned with the eagle's fierce visage.

In 1782, by act of Congress, the bald eagle became our national symbol. In those days, the great bird was commonplace near water since fish constitutes half to four-fifths of its diet. Now, ironically, the very food the eagle depends upon for survival is killing him. DDT and other pesticides accumulate in the bodies of fish and the eagle is unable to produce viable eggs. Although it is now protected by federal law, the eagle is still the victim of trophy hunters. The once limitless king of the skies now finds refuge in wildlife sanctuaries.

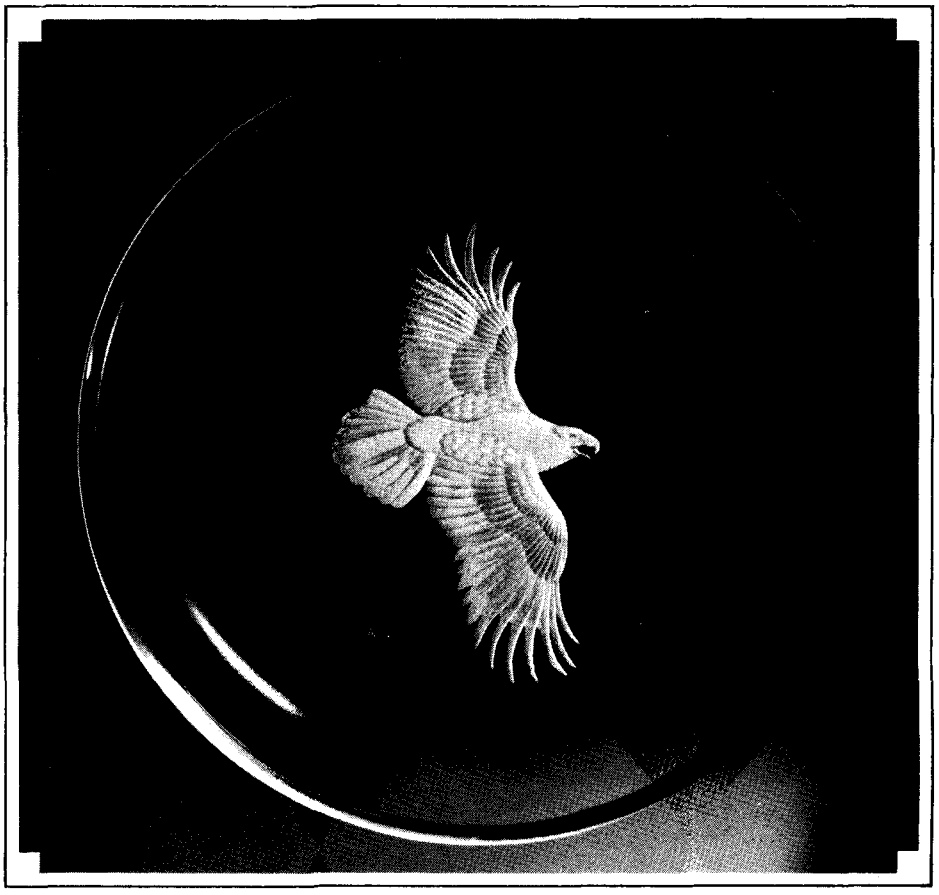
The eagle is only one of 114 species and sub-species of wildlife in the United States now threatened with extinction. Foremost among the private non-profit agencies devoted to the protection of these and all forms of wildlife is the National Audubon Society. It maintains 44 sanctuaries throughout the country to provide safe nesting, feeding and resting sites for birds, and a protected environment for other wildlife. Jean Dorst, the great European environmental scientist has said, "The National Audubon Society . . . has done more to protect nature than any other private group in the world."

Uncompromising standards

About the time that eagles began to appear on the standards of the Ptolemies' Egyptian armies some 2000 years ago, the blowing iron was invented in Babylon. This simple hollow rod revolutionized glassmaking by making round forms possible. Seventeen centuries later it was discovered that the addition of lead monoxide produced glass of extreme brilliance and great weight. It was called crystal. When struck, it rang like a bell. Indeed, the first strike signalled the rise of a new art form.

The most artistically significant method of decoration developed was copper wheel engraving. In this highly demanding discipline, a master engraver interprets the artists' designs in intaglio by applying the crystal object to a small high-speed copper wheel anointed with oil and emery powder. He may use as many as 50 different wheels ranging from ⅛ inch to 4 inches in diameter to complete one engraving. The fate of every piece is entirely in his hands. One false move against the wheel condemns to the scrap heap what might otherwise have been a masterpiece.

Perfection in this intricate art is rare at best. Many attempts will be made before 5000 fine crystal plates will meet the standards of excellence necessary to be numbered as an American Eagle Plate in the Audubon Collection. Numbers will be assigned in the sequence in which orders are received. The subscription price is $198 postpaid. Because the hand production is very slow and painstaking, orders will be limited to one per subscriber.



THE AMERICAN EAGLE PLATE, first in a series of eight 10½" plates mouth-blown of Bavarian lead crystal. Designed by Albert Earle Gilbert, each plate is copper-wheel engraved, numbered, and signed. Edition limited to 5,000.

When your purchase the American Eagle Plate, you [or your designate, if you are already a member] will be enrolled as a Sustaining Member of the National Audubon Society, a private, non-profit, tax exempt organization. You will receive all of the benefits of membership, including the magnificent *Audubon Magazine* with hard-hitting environmental reporting on what's being done to save the world of nature. *Our* world. The only world we know.

The prospects of appreciation

Although the purpose of the Audubon Collection of Engraved Crystal Plates is to support the Society's vital work, there exists the prospect of appreciation. Of course, no assurances can be given. But it is interesting to note that fine crystal is considered a prime investment by many serious collectors. For example, a rather ordinary molded crystal plate offered at $25 in 1966 is currently quoted at $250, while another issued at $25 a year earlier is bringing $1250!

How to order The American Eagle Plate

Send $198, check or money order (or bank charge account number, expiration date and signature) made payable to: Audubon Crystal, Ltd., c/o National Audubon Society, Dept. 20, 950 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Please include your address and zip code. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full, unquestioned refund.

THE AUDUBON COLLECTION OF ENGRAVED CRYSTAL PLATES

In addition to the bald eagle, seven other endangered American birds will be engraved on crystal plates in the Audubon Collection: the whooping crane, brown pelican, peregrine falcon, ivory-billed woodpecker, California condor, masked bobwhite, and Kirtland's warbler.

Subscribers to the American Eagle plate are guaranteed the right to purchase each successive plate in the series bearing the same serial number.

The artist and designer of this extraordinary series is Albert Earl Gilbert, one of America's foremost wildlife artists. Sought after by ornithologists and art collectors alike, a 1973 edition of his wildlife prints is already commanding premium prices.

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The Commerce Committee's energy subcommittee, which is chaired by John Dingell, has a reputation among Washington lobbyists of containing more dedicated proponents of expanded federal regulation than any other panel on Capitol Hill. In the wee hours of May 13, after long and acrimonious discussions, Dingell's subcommittee reported out its seven-title solution to the energy crisis. And it was a lulu.

There was a lesson to be learned from the Ullman, Dingell, and Jackson bills, all of which attempted to reduce energy demand by government fiat. When the Congress prepares a bill which contains provisions granting the Federal Government the authority to dictate who is to receive how much fuel or whose fuel usage is to be taxed, fuel users come out of the woodwork with petitions for exemptions from regulation or taxation. They all seem to say, Congressman, I know somebody has to be stuck without fuel, but it should not be me.

No one wants to be without fuel and everyone wants the shortage to be taken out of someone else's hide

On May 22 the Congress temporarily gave up and went home for a ten-day recess, having demonstrated its inability to come to grips with a coherent alternative energy policy. President Ford, out of patience with Congress on energy policy matters, took to the nation's TV screens on the evening of May 27. He tore off from a calendar the five pages denoting the months January through May of 1975. These were the five months that Congress did nothing despite the President's granting it a sixty-day grace period in early March and an additional thirty-day grace period on April 30. The President then announced that effective June 1 he would add the second dollar to the import fees required for imported oil and that "shortly after" Congress returned he would submit the oil price decontrol plan that he had mentioned in his April 30 letter to congressional Democratic leaders Albert and Mansfield.

When the congressional Democrats returned to Capitol Hill in early June they were confronted with the need to pull together a nearly impossible two-thirds majority in both Houses to override the President's February veto of the bill rescinding the oil import fee. They didn't even try.

Little else happened on Capitol Hill in June concerning energy. The House, as indicated above, gutted the Ullman bill. John Dingell managed to get his energy bill reported from the full Commerce Committee but gave up trying to take it to the floor before the Independence Day recess. Scoop Jackson unsuccessfully urged his Senate Interior Committee to finish work on his government offshore drilling bill. He did manage to get enough votes to report out of committee an uncontroversial bill establishing a national system of strategic storage for oil, but failed to get his friends on the Armed Services Committee to agree to permit production of the Naval Petroleum Reserves so that there could be some oil to place in storage.

Senator Jackson also pushed through his Interior Committee a bill to extend the Emergency Petroleum Allocation Act until March 1, 1976, because he was unable to complete arrangements with the House Commerce Committee to go to conference on his S-621 and their HR-4035, which were intended to impose new price controls on oil, establish new congressional veto procedures for presidential actions affecting oil prices, rescind the presidentially imposed oil import fee, and extend the Act which contains the authority for existing oil price and allocation controls.

What has been bothering Senator Jackson, Congressman Dingell, and other Democrats involved in the White House-Congress confrontation on energy policy is that each House has only five working days from the receipt of the President's official oil decontrol notice to stop him from successfully accomplishing his goal by administrative action. The Senate is unlikely to be able to stop the President because of several procedural obstacles, including the filibuster, available to Republican supporters of Mr. Ford. The $64,000 question remains whether the House can do it.

Both Dingell and Jackson are very much afraid that neither House could, within five days, stop the President from successfully initiating his two-year phase-out of oil price controls. They know that all existing legal authority for oil price controls expires on August 31 and that their five-day opportunity to veto any presidential oil price control phase-out program will do them no good after August 31 unless the Act is extended. They also know that the President tentatively intends to veto any extension of price control authority unless the Congress lets him phase out oil price controls.

Dingell and Jackson also know that overriding such a veto will be very, very tough, since it takes two-thirds of both Houses to do it. They know that the Congress, not satisfied with its Lincoln Day, Easter, Memorial Day, and Independence Day recesses, intends to take another recess for the month of August through Labor Day. They know that during July there is very little hope that the Senate will be able to salvage the Ullman bill, wait for the House to pass the Dingell bill, then try to salvage it. So they are making a last ditch effort to extend the Emergency Petroleum Allocation Act with the hope of overriding a presidential veto.

THE PRESIDENT has the Congress up against the ropes, and the sympathy of the press and the people at this time seem to be with the President. That is why increasing numbers of congressional Democrats are secretly and not so secretly hoping that the President will win his import fee and oil decontrol battles and that fuel prices will go through the ceiling. They anticipate another nationwide consumer revolt against "ripoff" gasoline prices, their inflationary effects, and the profit-mongering oil companies.

Then as the 1976 campaign begins to swing into high gear they could stand on podiums throughout the country and say, Mr. and Mrs. Voter, we tried to protect you from a President who is in bed with the oil industry and indifferent to your pocketbooks drained dry by obscene fuel prices. Give us back the White House and we will rebuild America by nationalizing the energy industry.

But there is a strong, although bumbling, bipartisan element in the Congress which desires a responsible solution to the energy problem and therefore fears the more dramatic outcome some of the Democratic presidential aspirants seem to want. That is why it is an even-money bet right now that by the August congressional recess the President will be on the way toward phasing out oil price controls. And that's a starter toward encouraging greater oil and gas exploration in the United States. □

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TRAVELS IN CHILE

Death of a Republic: An Impression

Our reporter had the audacity to take his inquiring mind to a land of journalistic myths and clichés, and here reports what he found: some good, some bad, some hope

F. REID BUCKLEY

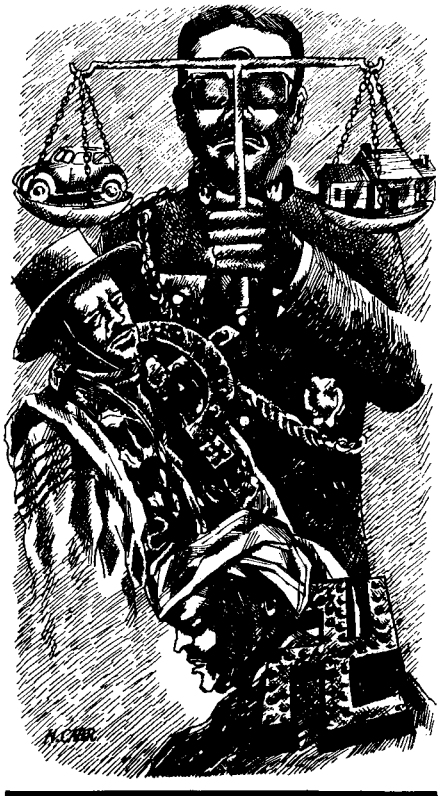
For some 160 years, runs the myth now being mass-programmed into Computer Liberalism, Chile was that other stable haven of constitutional government in the New World. A marvelous model republic, always innovative, always in the forefront. The pet of John Kennedy's Alliance for Progress, its economic reforms and social measures so advanced that hardly a layer in the welfare cake was left to the imagination. Why, just 11 years ago, President Eduardo Frei, the Christian Democrat, campaigned on further reform and achieved even more enlightened progress, redistributing land, building schools and hospitals, using government as best he could to implement his profoundly held Catholic social doctrines (not to be confused with Catholic claptrap about the supernatural and such). Frei retired from office in a nimbus of glory. Yet before the year was out, he was being referred to, by some, as Chile's Kerensky. Chile lost, perhaps forever, her republic, and fell into revolutionary ruin—and then, in reaction, counterrevolutionary . . . well, call it reconstruction.

Huh?

The 1970 presidential election had split three ways, with Salvador Allende Gossens edging his rivals. A stunning triumph had been logged for the world's Left: for the first time in history, a professed Marxist had been popularly elected to the chief post of a Western democracy.

The non-Marxist international liberal community may have been given pause, at least sufficient for a knee-jerk. How, following years of social enlightenment, and right on the heels of a reformist government, had an unblushing disciple of old Carlos M. himself come to power by the ballot? It's not supposed to happen that way. Didn't Roosevelt save the United States from revolution? Wasn't Frei a Franklin D.? Rising expectations . . . relative deprivation . . . hmmm.

Solution! Allende was no more a *real*, Ulbricht-type Marxist than, uh, Fidel Castro before-our-intransigence-and-atrocious-Bay-of-Pigs-attack-forced him-into-the-arms-of-Mother-Russia. Indeed, the talkative, genial, idealistic, and so comfortingly professorial Allende assuaged fears, without and within Chile, winning congressional confirmation (as a minority victor) by promising to abide by the laws and to uphold and respect Chile's constitution. The great experiment in Democratic Marxism had begun, with only Mao Tse-tung scoffing in the wings.



And it came to pass, on September 11, 1973, that a tightlipped dark-visaged booted epauleted military junta overthrew Salvador Allende, gunning him down with bullets tipped in silver by the CIA, instituting on that infamous day a bloody right-wing repressive fascist regime that specializes in torturing American female journalists who are sensitive about their breasts, students, peasants, intellectuals, and Jack Anderson knows who, for the offense of espousing justice for the poorandoppressed, etc. And Chile has been a benighted place ever since, dangerous and horrible even to visit, not to mention wicked, wicked as gobbling non-Chavez grapes.

I spent two weeks in this terrible new Chile a year ago, and then almost the entire month of January this year; which of course makes me expert, if not depraved. On that first trip, my cicerone, the remarkable Chilean journalist Nena Ossa, wrung me through 15-hour days speaking with prominent right-wing or conservative leaders, among them Mario Arnelo of the Partido Nacional, editor Arturo Fontaine of Santiago's *El Mercurio*, apocalyptic right-wing youth leader Jaime Guzmán, and Julio Retamal Favereau of the Catholic University, a pre-Vatican II Catholic of the *Triumph* mold (to the right theologically, but a proponent of the social encyclicals that

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equally damn liberalism—i.e., individualism—and Marxism). I met with students. I interviewed military officials of the regime, including the colonel who, I was informed afterward, heads the dread DINA (the Dirección Nacional de Investigaciones, the FBI or secret state police). I had conferences with Christian Democratic leaders of the right- and left-wing factions, enjoying a long evening conversation with the impressive Eduardo Frei; and spent several sessions with the extraordinarily magnetic leaders of the extreme Christian Left, young Catholic Marxists, whose names I omit to protect them.

I received on that first visit a bewildering complex of impressions: about the country, about the people of that country, about what preceded the Allende regime, about that regime's record and the events that produced its overthrow, about the present economic and political situation of Chile, and finally about the intellectual currents rife not only there but in much of the rest of South America. Simplifying to beat the band, let me sort some of these impressions out.

July is a sad time to drop in on Chile. It's cold and gloomy. The meadows around Santiago do glow with the most vivid greens imaginable, but weather tends to blot out the majestic rampart of the Andes, dampening the spirits of native and tourist alike.

Despite which, what a wonderful people Chileans are! On the human level, for me, only the Irish and Spaniards compare. During the whole fortnight, my wife and I met only one unsimpático person, who happened to be a radical priest. Everybody else—bellboys, waiters, businessmen to the right, young artists and writers to the left—overwhelmed us with their warmth. How they love their country; how disarming the candor with which they try to explain it to the visitor. We found ourselves among men and women of boundless good will, who argued their positions with an exuberance and commitment that excluded personal animus. Before the Allende experience, before the Marxist creed of class conflict became the norm, tolerance had distinguished even political debate in Chile, so much so that Nena recalled affable luncheons at which, cheek to jowl, sat Communist Pablo Neruda, the conservative Alessandri, and Frei, fencing, trenchantly, but never uncivilly, throughout the meal. This human tolerance was a major factor in Chile's proud record of political stability. In certain Chileans today it has vanished. Marxism, we have to remind ourselves, is in action allopathic to civilized discourse, preaching odium, and begetting odium in reaction. I learned that the Allende era had transmogrified the characters of some individuals, in a manner not natural to them as Chileans, and auguring poorly for the political future.

Before the Allende experience, before the Marxist creed of class conflict became the norm, tolerance had distinguished even political debate in Chile

Allende himself was not a gentle socialist, not the sweet-natured Marxist paterfamilias that remains his international press image. On the evidence, there can be no reasonable doubt that he was bent on utterly revolutionizing Chile through absolute and irreversible destruction of the economy and of all national institutions, including the congress and the supreme court, by means of executive powers that violated the spirit of the constitution but that could be inferred (by stretching logic) from carelessly worded legislation of the Frei years, and even from loopholes in the constitution itself. Indeed, the Marxists I met actually praised this direction of his policies as a necessary surgical operation for the cleansing of Chile. It was Allende's bungling in these efforts that roiled them. On the structural and ethical levels, there have been analogies in the American experience, from FDR's court-packing days to Watergate. But what were the conditions peculiar to Chile that brought Allende to center stage?

I want to talk about two of them, one on the economic front, the other intellectual, both interwoven. The first suggests the second.

My wife discovered a schoolfriend in Santiago, a woman she hadn't seen since they were girls together, twenty years earlier, strolling under the locust bowers of Madrid. Inés, the daughter of a well-off Castilian family and now a nun, is today a bottlecork of a woman, effervescence always on the point of bursting out. First she taught at a convent school, her pupils being little rich girls, as silly, spoiled, and superficial as once she had been. Slowly her eyes were opened to the misery of the *poblaciones*, the shantytowns that ring Chile's cities. Her true mission was there, and for the past several years she has been entirely devoted to helping the inhabitants.

Tasa spent a day with Inés at the *población* called La Pincolla. She returned to our hotel red-eyed. She had been weeping. She had seen infants deformed by hunger and disease, and with nothing to be done for them. She had seen families of eight and ten people crammed into a single-room cabin, the rain sluicing in, the muck of the sod floor ankle deep, the frigid Andean winds whistling through cracks and knotholes ineffectively stuffed with rags. There was no work. There was no hope. Brothers slept with sisters for warmth, and sometimes lay with them. Inebriated fathers (wine, cheaper than food, narcotizes hunger) lay with daughters. It is hard to speak of depravity with such conditions, but there were incest and resulting Mongolism and terrible debasement. Sparkling bright Chile, with her model constitution and her model social legislation, had also bred and bred and bred, negating the benefits of reforms, outpacing the harvests of the green revolution. Demagogic social measures had not helped: controlling the price of grain made it unprofitable for farmers to produce it, and unemployed peasants migrated to the cities. The government bought cereals from abroad, and handed them out at a fraction of cost, the deficit to be paid for by the exportation of nitrate and copper. But the nitrate market was undone by synthetic nitrate, and the price of copper fluctuated unreliably; meanwhile the population doubled, tripled, and no government dared free grain prices to find their natural level.

We can analyze the errors, and heap opprobrium on the demagogues and weak leaders who compounded them,

Mr. Buckley is now working on a novel with a Chilean setting.

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and lament the awful fecundity of the poor. But Inés lived the wretchedness, day after day, year in and year out, no longer able to weep, but boiling inside with indignation and anger at those *momias* (mummies) who speak of these matters in terms of statistics and free market theory from the insulation of their homes and offices. And she discovered often that about the only help she can get comes from dedicated Marxists, and the only hope she and her charges can have is for a change, a very radical change, just anything would be better, can't be worse, and Inés is no economist.

That afternoon I'd been meeting with a group of Christian Marxists. We were joined by a big, vital man with a touch of wildness in his eyes, who at once gulped down a drink, shaking his head as if to shake a nightmare out of it. It was bitterly cold outside, and he had just helped bury a child who had died, in his arms, of bronchial pneumonia. This had been his twelfth burial in as many weeks. His friends in that exquisitely appointed living room, most of them sons of the bourgeoisie, but Christian Marxists to a man, fell silent. They all worked with the destitute, and had been doing so since their conversion (the only word for it) to the social doctrines of the Encyclicals; they had all had similar experiences against which theoretical propositions are as dust. They voted for Allende. Some—not all—favored violence, *if* it was necessary, *if* it was effective, *if* it conduced to change. The three conditions must be met.

How did they reconcile this with the Gospel of Peace and Charity, and with the Augustinian and Thomistic conditions for rebellion, conditions not satisfied by their position to the degree that democratic procedural opportunities for change exist within the present system? They scoffed. Reform from within? What had years and years of reform accomplished? "You speak," said one in a half-audible voice, out of a refined, ascetic face, "of the violence of a terrorist. What about the institutional violence committed daily against humanity?" The words weren't hostile. They were spoken in sorrow. Most of these young men and women understood beans about economics, or accepted the Marxist rendition as self-evidently correct, because what had capitalism achieved other than a good life for a very few, and lives of bestial suffering for the millions?

The kicker: if you were not a member of Allende's Unidad Popular, there was no free bread for you, no medicine for your children

I have not met more attractive people than these. I have seen no greater devotion, no greater fulfillment of the Commandment to love one's neighbor, than theirs. As the misery of the poor increased, compounded by well-meaning welfare statism and reform legislation, many of the younger nuns and priests gave up on "reformism," turned toward the Marxist alternative as the only one practical, and bit by bit began absorbing the ideology. There's a hamlet 150 miles south of Santiago called—truly—*Peor Es Nada*. Worse, there is nothing.

These social facts converged with intellectual factors to help bring Allende to power. A majority of the intellectual classes, in particular the Catholic intelligentsia, deriving their thinking from *Popularum Progresso* and Pope Paul's epistle to Cardinal Roy on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, as interpreted by the second synod of South American bishops at Medellin, Colombia ("*Medellin dicet*" became a byword), had come to reject out of hand what we would call nineteenth century liberalism, rejecting with it excessive or selfish individualism and its economic extension, the Darwinian capitalism that still persists in too much of South America.

With the hardening of papal pronouncements against such "classical" liberalism, there evolved a softening of intellectual attitudes toward Marxism as a system of thought, as an interpretive mechanism, as a "scientific" analysis of reality capable of bringing about the humane and just social order. Eduardo Frei would tell me something the Catholic scholar Julio Retamal wouldn't object to: that in South America there had prevailed capitalists without capitalism, robber barons without the free and dynamic broad market base in which a majority of the people are able to participate. From that, Frei could bring himself to say what a Retamal would most vigorously object to: "Between Marxism and Christianity there are no doctrinal differences." Frei, I assumed, was emphasizing social and economic doctrines, in a synaptic leap across philosophical chasms. He is himself a fiercely anti-Communist theist, who writes eloquently about the horrors that, historically, all Communist regimes have visited on humanity. A Grand Old Man, he represents a moderate center in the liberal-left spectrum, but he is in danger of losing authority over the extremist wing of his Christian Democrats, and to their left is the growing body of Christian Marxists.

The gnostic heresy is in full bloom. Immanentism is rife in South American secular and religious intellectual circles. Latin Catholicism, in both hemispheres, has become impregnated by Teilhard de Chardin's evolutionary theology. God is that which we discover in ourselves, through the immolation of the self in charity, out of love for our fellow human beings. God in effect depends on us to realize Himself. The thinking, as it becomes radicalized, becomes more secularized. The Second Coming is now, every moment, within the heart, when the conscience is revolutionized (when one is *concientizado*, a term borrowed from Marxism), when the old man is put off and the new man is put on. Marxism is a secular statement of this transcendent reality, to some; it is to others farther down the road the ultimate revelation. Two great dynamisms can thus be yoked together, and if the Christian Marxists are unwilling to face their ultimate contradiction, it is not—not now—in the Communists' interest to force the issue. In Chile, so far as I can judge, most of the Christian Left remains Christian in the traditional sense, but still they view the Marxist *praxis* as the only vehicle for achieving Christian social goals within their society; and it is partly on their backs that Salvador Allende rode into the presidency.

This, then, was the second thing I learned: for a Christian, for men and women of good will, under conditions peculiar to the Third World, there is a seductiveness in the coupling of the

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two-thousand-year-old religious dynamism with the great secular dynamism of the twentieth century. The thought gives pause. If this has been possible in nations of strong and even rockribbed *Catholic* tradition, why not also with the Hinduism of India, the Buddhism of Southeast Asia, the Mohammedanism of the Middle East? The revolutionary potential is awesome, tremendous.

But to return to Allende and his aftermath. For a mass power base, Allende encouraged more and more peasants to flock from the countryside to the shantytowns (which were given over as fiefdoms of the ultra-left Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria, the MIR), there to find themselves dislocated, unskilled, unable to find jobs; and there to receive doles. The kicker: if you were not a member of Allende's Unidad Popular, there was no free bread for you, no medicine for your children. Allende doubled and tripled the wages of miners, the wages of factory workers. He in short completed spending Chile into ruin, bankrupting the treasury, exhausting international credit, and producing a monstrous Weimar Republic-style inflation of almost 800 per cent. The middle classes began to grow restive. Early in 1971, women, in the celebrated March of the Empty Saucepans, staged an impressive demonstration, thousands of them, during which they were stoned by MIR toughs, and one of the right-wing youths who had gathered to help protect the women was shot through the neck.

The living was not easy. There were scarcities in foodstuffs and all other commodities, a black market boomed, and when rumor had it that this or that shop would on the morrow have butter or eggs or milk or vegetables or meat for sale, lines began forming in the evening and people slept in the streets hoping to be able to buy something before the supply ran out. Meanwhile, the MIR were engaging in their illicit *tomas*, their seizures of lands. There was legal expropriation (an inheritance from Frei), but it wasn't fast enough for Jacques Chonchol, Allende's Cuban-trained Minister of Agriculture, and certainly not for the MIR, who with the silent concurrence of Chonchol simply booted people out of their houses and off their farms, killing those who resisted. These were not, in the main, great landowners or absentee landlords; they lived on and worked their property, all they owned being tied up in their land, machinery, buildings, and stock.

The economy foundered, industrial and agricultural production plummeted. Allende then blundered by deciding to nationalize all trucking; but the 40,000 truckers in Chile operated 56,000 trucks, which hardly made them capitalist exploiters, and they went on a massive strike that paralyzed distribution. Nothing daunted, Allende was also alienating many left-liberal moderates through his manhandling of democratic institutions in violation of his "guarantees." His transparent and clumsy efforts to neutralize opposition voices, especially newspapers, further estranged people who otherwise approved the direction of his policies; until finally, a large majority of Chileans came to oppose him, fearing for the survival of their country. *Peor Es Nada.* My conclusion from what I have read and heard is that the people backed the September 1973 coup, accepting it, even if without enthusiasm, as the only recourse—in a curious reverse analogy to the acceptance, by so many Chileans on the Left, of Marxism as the only recourse.

WELL, I asked on that first trip July last, how were the military, traditionally uniquely neutral and self-effacing by Latin American standards, doing in their unaccustomed role as rulers? Part of the answer stared at me out of the official photograph of General Pinochet Ugarte, the big enchilada of the Junta and president of the Republic. Swarthy, tight-mouthed, rigid, accusatory, his expression suggested a dark suspicion of civilians and all their works. The Junta professed to have discovered, or confirmed, in the course of their coup, factual evidence of the plot known as Plan Z, according to which the Allende crowd, with the help of Cuban and East German and other foreign agents, and of course the MIR, were preparing a massacre of the entire officers' corps.

The Junta claims that this night of the long knives was to take place shortly after their happily timed strike. That claim has been widely discounted as an *a posteriori* justification; but the Junta's white paper is too thoroughly documented to be dismissed. I was shown some of the hard evidence for the claim in the Academia de Guerra. It was persuasive. But whether or not such a massacre was in fact planned, the military believe absolutely that but for their pre-emptive move, they'd be dead men today. That helps explain the no-quarter rooting-out of MIR enclaves, the on-the-spot executions, and the mass incarcerations immediately during and following the first several weeks of the counterrevolution. It helped explain, eight months later, the unabashed harshness in the persecution of all radical elements, why so often my meetings had to be covert.

Economically, according to a prominent right-wing supporter of the Junta, the necessary measures for order were

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being taken, and with, in his opinion, a necessary ruthlessness. By the time of my visit, the Allende inflation had been halved: but shoes cost, I calculated, one-third of a month's minimum salary. Some half the population was living at subsistence level or below that —in grinding, half-starved poverty, with children in the shantytowns dying or, if surviving, growing up physically and mentally impaired. It sickened the soul. But what was there to be done? Chile is *poor,* and the hoped-for aid from abroad is not forthcoming, because of the moral and ideological disfavor in which the Junta stands.

Politically, in July, the Junta had already demonstrated itself to be iron-fisted. The literature of the Left was proscribed; I had to buy Marxist works from underground sources. The curfew had everybody in a panic. Woe betide the person caught out after dark. When answering a tourist's inquiry about how to get from here to there, the *carabineros*, while scrupulously correct, swung the shiny ventilated barrels of their Swiss UZUs toward you, aiming right at your gut, before they replied. They did not know what it was to smile.

Congress had been (and remains) disbanded. There is no political activity. The conservative Partido Nacional was reduced to uneasy support; the Christian Democrats were split between open and discreetly passive opposition; the CP announced a course of inactive internal opposition, presumably hoping the dismal economic situation would in time dissolve the Junta or cause its overthrow. The far-out Left, such as the MIR, demanded sabotage, terrorism, insurgency. The Christian Marxists I talked with tended to favor active but nonviolent opposition. Pinochet calmly announced that the regime would stay in power for twenty years if necessary, until all traces of Marxism had been extirpated. Meanwhile a commission of eminent scholars had been appointed to draft a new Allende-proof constitution. Finally, on the political scene, there was the DINA—the DINA of arbitrary detentions, of beatings, torture, and executions. "That's where the thugs are, a knowledgeable American diplomat told me. It was a grim, wintry, beleaguered country last July.

ON OUR return this January, some things had changed. It was high summer, and Chile's spectacular Lake Country, with its Japanese silk painting inverted ice cream cone volcanoes, had us gasping. The most luscious fruits my wife and I have ever tasted were cheap at roadside stands.

Not much else was. Inflation was still steaming at better than 300 per cent. Copper prices had tumbled from $1.50 to 57 cents in world markets. Despite a partial restoration of Chile's foreign credit, foreign capital investments showed no great recovery. It was rumored that Peru planned an attack in the north (to recover territory lost to Chile in 1879); with no money in Chile's till for hardware and no prospect of military aid from the United States, there would be little Chile could do to defend itself. The community of nations persisted in treating Chile as pariah. But there was less tension, the curfew was relaxed, and even the *carabineros* waxed friendly and voluble.

Allende was alienating many left-liberal moderates through his manhandling of democratic institutions in violation of his "guarantees"

The regime now feels secure; the Left is in disarray, its extreme leaders having been killed, jailed, chased out, or deported. Even the seemingly humorless Pinochet could be cute: with foreign newspapers pounding on the theme of political prisoners, Pinochet announced that he would release them all, but on a one-for-one basis with those released by Soviet Russia and Red China. The Junta's answer to Chile's economic plight consists of austerity and more austerity, personal sacrifice after personal sacrifice; but *El Mercurio* takes it to task for continuing to concentrate industry under the government instead of getting government out of the economy, a fault that suggests the generals know as little about economics as my Christian Marxist friends. And what can austerity and further sacrifice mean for the poor? They continue on the whole wretched, despite quarterly indexing of relief.

The military rulers of Chile are not a monolith. The presidium of the Junta is made up of four men. They differ from each other in views, background, and temperament. This follows down the line. General Walter Heitman, for instance, Chile's Ambassador to the U.S., had been represented to me as brassbound, rigid, uncomfortable, a bad choice for diplomacy. Yet I found him affable and helpful, and he has even won applause as a speaker at initially hostile American campuses.

In Concepción I met General Nilo Floody, military commander of the region. Floody resembles a younger Ronald Reagan, with a glowing copper skin, black hair that sweeps as if blown off his left brow, and a long nose that cants a bit off the plumb, giving interest to his pleasant face. He greeted me in his shirtsleeves, over a working desk he seemed to dominate with sheer physical energy. Were things under control in his region? Sure. Had he any troubles with insurgents, maquis types, terrorists? Hell, no. How come? No support from the people—they made promises endlessly, but they never delivered the goods: once they'd handed out what they found in the store rooms, that was it, they produced nothing themselves. Look, he said, I've just come from Chillán, a town in the interior. We've built four hundred houses for the people there. We put in the streets, water, lights. Then we did something different. We organized the poorest people, the ones without shelter even, and gave them the materials to build their own houses. They all pitched in and built them, and they're proud of them, and I'm proud of what we did together, and that's the way we want to go.

IN Valdivia, a few days later, I met Army Colonel René López, a short, sturdy, benign-looking man in his sixties. He had been yanked from his desk job in Santiago and assigned what promised to be the roughest pacification job in the country. But when the revolt fizzled for lack of support, he summoned help from Santiago to show the lumberjack wives how to cook vegetables, and to teach them the rudiments of nutrition. "They had no place to live, those folk," he said, "They'd been getting by like half-starved animals, like

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Where Is Italy Heading?

Letter from the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ITALY'S RECENT regional elections admittedly do not give a complete picture of the Italian situation because five of the 20 autonomous regions did not vote this time, and there can be no doubt that, had they too held elections, the Christian Democrats (CD) would have done better, the Communists worse.

Still, it would be foolish to disregard the statistics, which show that in the 15 regions where elections were held, the Communists gained more than 5 per cent and the CD lost 2.6 per cent. Even the Socialists and the "neo-fascists" gained, while the parties of the center, the Social Democrats and the Republicans, and the right-wing Liberals suffered severe losses.

On the face of it, one might draw the conclusion that this was "merely" a protest vote against a government which has shown itself incapable of dealing with the present moral, political, and social disintegration of Italy —the never-ending strikes paralyzing the economy, corruption within the bureaucracy, the feeling of personal insecurity in the face of mounting violence. Never has a country been so ripe for authoritarian government, and a good many people simply don't care whether the strong man is Left, Right, or even monarchist. The acute feeling that life in Italy cannot continue as it is has become universal. And since the Communist Party is *the* party of the opposition—the only one which, so far, has had no chance of becoming corrupt by being admitted to the national government—and since it has a satisfactory record in urban administration, it draws votes automatically.

Long Live the King

But there's more to the Communist gains than that. As a united nation Italy was born in the *Risorgimento*, a national, democratic, liberal movement whose leading figures, Garibaldi and Mazzini, were left of center. The Savoy Dynasty, French by origin and based in a small region (Savoy, Piedmont, Sardinia), never ruled united Italy effectively. Parliamentary power was always important but following World War I it fragmented into impotence. The rise of Fascism was inevitable—with or without the blessing of Victor Emmanuel III.

Under his successor, King Umberto, the monarchy was abolished right after the second World War. The Christian Democrats did nothing to help Umberto sell his case to the people in the referendum that called for his ouster. By this time, the Christian Democrats had become all-powerful. It was ironically noted that the Church, which had lost its temporal power under Pius IX in 1870, now appeared to be back in a controlling position. Under the postwar Christian Democratic governments, pontifical power extended from the Brenner Pass to the southern tip of Sicily. The Pope (Pius XII) filled the father image of the departed King. But all this was an illusion cherished by those who believed (and in some cases still believe) that something like a "Christian democracy" really exists. This mirage was based on the pious hope that nations would continue to vote faithfully and loyally for Christian Democratic tickets everywhere. Of course they do nothing of the sort—least of all the Catholic nations.

What happened in Italy after 1945 is simply this: the victorious Allies turned the clock back to 1919. In Italy in 1919 (as at present) there was an upsurge of Communism, a proliferation of strikes, a general breakdown of security, an economic decline, until large sectors of the population greeted Mussolini as a liberator and stabilizer.

But why, some ask, were the Christian Democrats in Italy last month not capable of holding their own? The reasons are many, one of the most obvious being the crisis in the Catholic Church and the Vatican's pursuit of *Ostpolitik*, which gives the impression that Christianity and Communism can successfully "coexist." The Vatican's weakness is part of a vicious circle: it strengthens the Communist Party, and that in turn persuades the Vatican that Communism may be the wave of the future after all. So, while millions of Italians who hardly set foot inside a church continue to vote for the Christian Democrats simply because they are afraid of the Communists and of losing their possessions, millions of more or less practicing Catholics vote for the Communist or Socialist Parties because they don't fear them.

It would be a terrible oversimplification to say that this is the whole story of the CD's decline and the Communist Party's rise. In Italy there is a general desire for change, for change at almost any price. One must bear in mind the softness of the Italian Communist Party, which cannot overcome Italian flexibility, Italian *umanesimo* and *umanità*. It protested the crushing of the Prague Spring in 1968; its head is a wealthy man whose family is very "church-going." To the Italian masses, the Communist Party does not present a Gorgon face.

Party without a Position

The CD, on the other hand, is sharply divided into hostile factions, and lacks even the semblance of an ideological profile. It has no intellectual leadership, no political catechism; it stands merely for a deplorable status quo. How, then, could it act as a magnetic force for the young (voting for the first time in the recent elections), who always like extremes? The *via media* has never proved inspiring over the long run; it can hold people only if it is morally or economically successful. And the CD was not. If the recent results are confirmed in a general election, the Christian Democrats may have to join an alliance with the Liberals and the "neo-fascists" to avoid joining the Communists.

Are the Italians collectivists? Not at all. Italy consists of paradoxes. Many, if not most, Communist voters are, without realizing it, anarchists at heart. They like a strong patriarchal government, but not totalitarianism, not controls, not supervision. They want an effective and at the same time *minimal* government, which the Communists would obviously not give them, though all too few realize this. Communism as an "ism" is believed in by very few: the beastly earnestness of a Marx or a Lenin does not appeal to the Italian mind. □

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GERHART NIEMEYER

Sex and Violence

THE "CHILDREN'S HOUR" on television has been purged of "sex and violence" by a form of internal censorship. Unorganized censorship, of course, goes on most of the time in most societies, as the words "seemly," "fitting," and "decent" in our language show. Every community of men has a need to protect its commitment to the good, however precarious it may be, by maintaining certain limits on all varieties of expression. All the more remarkable, then, that during the long centuries in which children have been reared on fairy tales and stories of brave men overcoming evil, stories replete with chopped-off heads and cruel punishments (just think of Hansel pushing the witch into the flames), nobody felt it necessary to keep fairy tales from children on account of such violent incidents.

So the problem of "sex and violence" we have today must be new and different, and one wonders whether censorship can solve it. Where standards are generally respected, occasional grossness or pornography may indeed be the suitable business of some watchdog. But the trouble today is that our literary and media production practically centers on "sex" and "violence" (both words in quotation marks because they have today a standing apparently independent of morality).

The phenomenon is recent. The word "sex," together with its repulsive companion "*making* love," has been in general use for about forty years. Today's screen stories, like operettas of old, have a message for which the plot is just a loose framework, and that message is the ever repeated and appallingly similar situations of sex and violence that form "the action." The settings change, patterns remain. Male comes into the presence of female; hungry eyes wander over bodies; nothing more is needed than an inner shrug—"Why not?"—and some small talk; shortly, we see the flesh in the motion of sexual excitement. Afterward, another few casual words, and each goes his way with no more ado than if they had taken a drink together. Violence is similar: a man carrying a gun finds another man thwarting his plans. A trigger is pulled, a body collapses, someone says, "He is dead," and everybody resumes what he has been doing as if nothing had happened.

But consider how stories of violence were told in the past. In *Macbeth*, a drama of dark bloody deeds, every one of the violent actions takes place offstage. What we hear and see is the rise of evil passions in the souls of two people, and their similar and yet different ways of deteriorating. Or *Hamlet*, where the violence occurs in plain view, but the drama is about pusillanimity, of which violence is a mere by-product. The way of telling about "sex" (how offensive the word becomes in this place!) is through the clearest of hints in the web of love, as in *Romeo and Juliet*:

> *Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.*
> *It was the nightingale, and not the lark,*
> *That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.*
> *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.*

Or the story of Francesca da Rimini and Paola Malatesta in Dante's *Inferno*:

> It was when we read about those longed-for lips now being kissed by such a famous lover, that this one (who shall never leave my side) then kissed my mouth and trembled as he did. . . . That day we read no further.

The subject here is the human soul, stretched between the passions of nature and its intuitions of goodness, so that violence and sex are incidental and derive their meaning from the struggles, strengths, and weaknesses of character.

Today's television has torn off this mantle of meaning. Sex and violence are presented, as it were, in moral nakedness. They are given the character of events in which somehow one hits the rock bottom of reality—they are treated as something ultimate. Ultimate they are, of course, only on the plane of nature separated from anything spiritual. However, sex and violence in the modern media play the role of *the absolute*, meaning the most fundamental, or the most final of realities. From seeing both sex and violence "in the raw," without any connection with good or evil, we are supposed to get a deep "experience" of amoral truth, TV style. In contrast with the fairy tales and Shakespearean dramas of old, today's sex and violence are treated as if by themselves they were fixities in the midst of fluidities, realities from which one could get orientation, the ultimate reasons for all other reasons.

Man, of course, must seek *the absolute* because he is a thinking being requiring meaning for both his actions and his existence. Insofar as we are physical strength, chemical excitement, material facticity, we need no meaning: animals prove the point. It is man's mind that craves to understand the world, the things in it, and himself, and he can understand only in terms of the absolute. We remember how Kant formulated the absolute: "Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe: the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me." Kant's "starry heaven" stands for the divine creation, and his "moral law" for man's destiny above and beyond nature.

NOT EVERYBODY agrees with Kant. All the same, he was looking for the absolute in the direction where men have always been looking. Voegelin has defined this direction in terms of "the Beginning" and "the Beyond." But the questions about the Beginning and the response to the Beyond have been systematically destroyed and suppressed, if not by aggressive relativism then by apathetic permissiveness. That does not mean that we have been excused from our quest for the absolute which is the quest for meaning. It means only that instead of rational answers we now get irrational ones, that instead of the divine absolute we now press toward the ridiculous counterfeit absolute of sex/violence. Our writers now feel constrained to wallow in both brutality and pornographic explicitness in order to deserve the label "realistic." And parents, unaware to what extent they are part of the problem, call for the censor. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Unnatural History

You can be sure of very few things in life. Here are two. a) Given one fly, one glass of Scotch, one room, it therefore follows inevitably that the fly will commit suicide in the glass before your drink is half finished. Always happens. Used to be ointment, now it's Scotch. b) There will be at least one, or an average of two, noticeably left-liberal articles in any month's *Natural History* magazine. I've read every word printed by *NH* over the last three years. If leftism accumulates in the tissues, as they insist DDT does, then I'd better airmail my next Gimlet Eye to *Rolling Stone*. For an instance, let's take *NH*'s April '75 issue, which comes in at about twice the lethal dose.

1. An article by Morton Fried called "The Myth of the Tribe." "Tribe," you understand, has been proscribed by Third World nations: the word connotes primitivism and savagery. Fried hypothesizes that the tribal structure was invented by encroaching colonial states, as a device to oppress indigenous peoples. I'm no anthropologist, but I can tell hawks from handsaws when an author is fudging. And Fried fudges like some unprepared high school sophomore. Note the affirmative, forceful tone of this sentence: "However the thought may disturb us, all human societies larger than the immediate band or village were of the vaguest dimensions and boundaries." Positive, huh? Scientific sounding. Here's the very next sentence, "Admittedly, this is a difficult, perhaps impossible statement to prove." Nonetheless Fried treats it as if proven for several thousand words. Liberal scientists deal in direct revelation when the cue cards are flashing Third World propaganda. "As a precondition for their manipulation, exploitation, and, ironically, their expropriation they [the indigenous people] had to be pinned down."

2. Arthur W. Galston, a regular, on electrical current in plants. The piece is both scientific and, a Galston trademark, unreadable. Galston visited Hanoi in 1971. Over the last twenty-odd months he has written four shameless articles: two on North Vietnam, one on China, one on U.S. defoliation policy in South Vietnam. Galston writes with fawning approbation of North Vietnamese health care and education. True, university candidates "are screened to eliminate those with poor political records," but Galston shrugs this off. He would like massive international aid: "It is my hope that such aid, including American, will soon be possible and that from it will spring the scientific contributions to be expected of this remarkable people." The China piece might just as well have been peeled off a Peking alley wall. In part it states that the Chinese want certain islands held by Japan returned to them. Why? Galston says, more or less, because all former Chinese territory is precious to its people. I'm sure that's the only reason. Tibet was precious, too.

3. and 4. Two articles about vanishing ethnic traditions: one on Oaxacan farming methods in Mexico; one on Bambaran fertility dances in Mali. Both pieces deprecate the influences of capitalism, Western technology, etc. To be expected: that's the liberal dance of fertility. *NH*'s article on Oaxaca is particularly convoluted. A modern irrigation system has improved income: "young Oaxacan farmers look to increased crop yields as a means of raising their standard of living." But the people have become materialistic and less parochial and "must alter their customs to conform to government standards and elect water committees responsible to the governmental agency." Terrible, isn't it? Yet these, no doubt, are the same liberals who would demand massive international aid for underdeveloped countries. And, writing in the U.S., would plump for a state control on anything that moves or breathes. Let the Oaxacans remain in quaint poverty. They're so much more valuable to the Left that way.

5. A column by Stephen Jay Gould, another regular, on the seventeenth century geologist, Rev. Thomas Burnet. Recently Gould has written three shrill articles discarding race, out of hand, as an anthropological concept. One wise reader suggested in the "Letters" section that "Gould overstates his case, I believe, precisely because of social and political pressures which abound nowadays in the academic world . . . he argues for nothing short of a thoroughly relativistic, environmentalist view of man and culture." What else? That's a standard liberal gymnastic. Meanwhile, Gould is using the Burnet piece as an excuse for denouncing, once again, those who would "drive evolutionary theory from the nation's textbooks." Now there's not much to be said, in a purely scientific context, for the Christian creationist view of evolution, but note with what care *NH* shields every superstitious Bambaran *n'tomo* dance against the twentieth century. *NH* is scientific or unscientific as the zeitgeist dictates. Of Christian creationists Gould says irritably, "Still, the Yahoos never rest." You bet he wouldn't dare say that of a creationist Bambaran witch doctor.

6. The usually pleasant food columnist, Raymond Sokolov, chooses sugar

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for his April topic. In the process, as you might guess, he criticizes "large 'windfall' profits . . . of a small club of giant corporations."

Sure, a magazine devoted to wildlife and ecology might have built-in prejudices against industrialization or capitalism. Yet *Smithsonian*, *NH*'s rival in format and intent, manages to discuss endangered species, resource conservation, African customs, without urging that the West disband itself. It also manages to be cheerfully written. A biopsy report has more humor per page than *NH*. (In 1974 *NH*'s total paid circulation rose 10 per cent to 340,000. *Smithsonian*, which averages 13 more pages than *NH* per issue, increased its circulation by a spectacular 36 per cent to over 600,000.) NATIONAL REVIEW is conservative. *Ms.* boosts lib. *Pravda* never pretends to be anything but *Pravda*. *NH*, on the other hand, seems to care about whooping cranes about as much as a Democrat cares about mules. It has become a boring, doctrinaire periodical. I'd be surprised if contributions to the American Museum of Natural History weren't tax-exempt. Scientific, objective, you know. In fine print it says, "The opinions expressed by authors do not necessarily reflect the policy of the American Museum." Not necessarily . . . Somehow, that doesn't reassure me. □

TELEVISION

LILLIAN AFRICANO

Soap Bubbles

It finally happened—the viewing habits of some twenty or thirty million Americans are being given a cover of respectability. The soap opera, that homely, enduring American entertainment, is today's media Cinderella. Cloaked in "relevance," the soap beckons her fans out of the closet, with an ever-growing pile of books and articles attesting to her new "take me seriously" status.

Of course, soap fans of celebrity and recognized achievement, people like Judy Garland, P. G. Wodehouse, Van Cliburn, and Renata Tebaldi, probably never felt the need to apologize for their leisure-time viewing. But for some of the other millions of work-at-homes, or people with unconventional job hours, the "relevance" tag could be a welcome, if somewhat misleading, apologia for a pleasurable, but non-uplifting, habit.

Throughout its long history (almost a half-century, if you count early radio prototypes), the appeal of the soap has been multifarious. But it is only recently that "relevance," as it is now understood, has been featured. Consider the longtime favorite of the American housewife, radio's *Stella Dallas*. In a typical story line, Stella and her socialite daughter Laurel are in New York, investigating the theft of a stolen Egyptian mummy. Herself accused of the theft by Laurel's mother-in-law, Stella seeks the help of the man who brought the mummy to America, Sheik Ahmed. However (there are always a few good "howevers" in any soap plot), the Sheik is being impersonated by his twin brother Rashid, who is planning a coup d'etat in his homeland. Not only does Stella find the mummy, but she also foils the impostor, and accompanies the rightful Sheik back to his desert principality. There, she endures sandstorms, attacks by unfriendly bedouin, and a cruise through the Suez Canal in a submarine.

It may sound ridiculous, but most plots do. Stella now belongs to the same history as the Hollywood melodrama—but its television descendant, ABC's *Dark Shadows*, brought the story of the vampire next door right up to date.

That's not to say that the soap hasn't done its share of conscious social service, as the recent articles state so emphatically. As Agnes Nixon, reigning first lady of soap writers, says: "The programs have always had a therapeutic value, in the catharsis they offer. But we try to be helpful to a society at large. We earn our keep. With the seven or eight million people a day watching one of our shows, there is a responsibility to educate as well as entertain."

This kind of noblesse oblige has been Mrs. Nixon's trademark, and she has carried out what she sees as her responsibility with scrupulous attention to detail. "It took me two years," she says, "to put together the segment on child abuse that we've been doing." Her treatment of the subject on *All My Children* was a carefully documented, whole-family approach, built on interviews with such well-known experts as Dr. Vincent Fontana.

For most viewers, however, the services rendered are much more subtle. From the beginning, for example, the soaps have portrayed women in varied roles and dynamic situations aplenty, enough to give vicarious pleasure as well as support and assurance to their principal audience. When particular behaviors appear on the air, as part of a sympathetic character, it's probably the closest thing to a Good Housekeeping sanction given by television today. Divorce, abortion, feminism, single parenthood—if they haven't been actually approved, they have been brought into the reassuring realm of the normal.

For their creators, they have earned enormous sums of money. They have provided a professional training ground for such actors as Jack Lemmon, Eva Marie Saint, Agnes Moorehead, Paul Ford, and Sandy Dennis. And they have offered viewers an alternative to game shows and sitcom reruns.

YET THE daytime serial, the soap, has been devaluated or patronized, in terms disproportionate to its prosaic nature and the quality of the writing and acting. According to Robert LaGuardia, author of *The Wonderful World of TV Soap Operas*, socially conscious women of the old radio days organized and joined boycotts of the fifteen-minute programs, on the grounds that they were dangerous for housewives. A New York novelist-psychiatrist succinctly described the genre as "pandering to perversity." The serials, he said, "furnish the same release for the emotionally distorted that

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is supplied to those who desire satisfaction from a lynching bee, lick their lips at the salacious scandals of the *crime passionel*, and who in the unregretted past cried out in ecstasy at witch burnings." And if that wasn't enough to scare off the poor viewer, the doctor-author cited the serials as causing such physical symptoms as "tachycardia, increase in blood pressure, tremors, vasomotor instability, nocturnal frights, vertigo, and gastrointestinal disturbances."

One suspects that "scientific" opinions of this sort may have been written because the "perversity" that was being pandered to was female. And perhaps the serious treatment of the soaps has come about not only because they have endured, but also because changing lifestyles and rising unemployment have increased the proportion of male viewers.

Certainly the quality of soap writing could never stand close comparison with the best of film and theater. The demands of a half-hour drama every weekday, 52 weeks a year, don't always allow for subtlety or consistency. But the daytime serial has been changing, more rapidly perhaps than any other entertainment form, reflecting accurately the varied concerns of its fans, whether it be for information or escape.

Agnes Nixon, whose shows have been required viewing in courses at Princeton and other universities, refuses to climb on the new bandwagon and claim redeeming social value for the newer shows. If the soaps can perform service functions, it is because they have a "captive audience," she says, an audience already involved with characters and plot and therefore receptive to whatever "message" those characters pass on. "They've always been good entertainment," she says. "If they've matured, so have the movies during the same period of time." What she will concede is that the quality of acting on the serials has improved enormously. Actors used to mention their work on daytime programs with embarrassment (if at all). Such work has become respectable in proportion to the increasing salaries—up to $750 a day—paid to performers.

SETS AND costumes have changed too, into elaborate, even lavish affairs. Though most serials are shot inside, *The Edge of Night* often features elaborate crime sequences shot on location. But the most recent innovation involves program length. As of April 21, two shows have moved to a one-hour format, with all the networks awaiting the results—just about twenty years after production staffs debated whether a half-hour show could sustain itself.

To get and keep fans, the successful soap must provide characters that engage the viewer's emotions and keep him interested or curious enough to keep coming back. This doesn't mean one cliffhanger after another—high tension is only one part of a well-balanced show. What is also needed is a strong element of predictability, a sense of knowing the characters well enough to guess what they will do. Combinations of the two factors, suspense and predictability, can be used over and over. For example, recent episodes on the just-canceled *How to Survive a Marriage* gave the viewer advance warning of Chris Kirby's early alcoholism. While Chris's television family and friends went about their business, the viewing family was given tight camera shots of her increasingly frequent trips to the crystal decanters on the sideboard. Not subtle, but effective. And it gives the viewer a strong sense of involvement in the show.

Correspondence of all kinds—gifts, advice or requests for it, threats, marriage proposals—is a common part of the viewer/soap-character relationship. This personal involvement often complicates the life of the serial actor, who, unlike his stage and film counterpart, is not regarded as a star, but as a thoroughly approachable real person. Sometimes this can be pleasurable, as when Judy Garland stopped her show at the Palace and cried out to a woman in the audience: "I know you. I see you every day on television. You're Connie Ford—Ada!" Or it can be awkward—when fans write to television "doctors" for advice, or drop in at the homes of actors expecting dinner, or a long, chatty visit at the very least. Worse yet, it can be frightening, like the threatened and actual physical abuse that can come to an actor playing an unsympathetic character.

Since the serial is an ongoing business, it is probably the only entertainment form where consumer reaction has an ongoing effect on the product. Writers are always alert to viewer reaction, to signs of accumulating discontent as well as approval. Characters have been killed off, snatched from the grave, married off, or prevented from having an affair because the fans wanted it that way.

OF COURSE, if the ratings drop and the network decides to take the show off the air, millions of fans will be left disconsolate. For the regular soap watcher is loyal and committed—no one-night-stander he (or she). Once a viewer has made the decision to adopt a soap, he pretty well sticks with it, through thick and thin, through runs of sloppy writing, ho-hum acting, and even the lure of a flashy new competitor.

That's one of the reasons an old-timer (19 years) like *As the World Turns* stays on and on, even though its characters sometimes look and sound as if they were just let out of a time capsule. Almost everyone is dressed for church five days a week, and nonmarital sex is still discussed in terms of "right," rarely indulged in by sympathetic characters. When incidents of unchastity do occur, the story may well be told by the camera with discreet shots of significant garments trailing off to a nearby bedroom.

As the World Turns is as contempo-

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rary (or relevant) as a Dick and Jane primer, but it is a top rated show, a lunch hour (1:30 P.M. EST) companion to millions. To the fan, the show's dated quality might even be endearing, a token of stability in an unsettling world. Like a close relative growing old, it may well be out of step, but those that are fond of it either don't notice or don't mind. Relevance is in the eye of the beholder. □

REVELS

SUSAN S. McDONALD

Seeing Through Public Spectacles

Recently, Philadelphians dèjà-viewed an event which had far greater dramatic impact on them than would the renomination of their mayor, Frank Rizzo, or the re-enactment of any historic episode that might be commemorated in these Bicentennial environs. Against odds, the Flyers took the Stanley Cup in six, for the second dazzling year in a row. It did not seem to matter to local fans that hockey had been prolonged beyond athletic protocol and (some people's) patience into the baseball season; that the Stanley Cup is as incongruous in May as a mink coat in Miami and every bit as flashy; or that the torpid Buffalo rink, site of decisive game six, smoked like a great swamp with all the melting ice. The convergence of winter hockey and summer heat created something like an electric storm front—and value inversion—of its own in America's puck-struck cities, and Philadelphia is probably the most crazed of them right now. (The importance of athletics in a region is inversely proportional to its self-esteem.)

That night, residents poured out of their homes like MGM extras for block bacchanals, and there was all the streaking and foaming and merrymaking you'd expect when people witness the second coming of an athletic cup. Next day, the Flyers' retinue was paraded through the city streets, while a euphoric crowd of something like two million screamed, littered, and vented all the hyped-up athletic jingoism that is, today, the only spirit capable of mobilizing an American mass. McDonald's handed out team glossies with their Big Macs, the city was speckled with reverential signs and stickers ("Praise the Lord and Pass the Puck," "Only the Lord Saves More than Bernie Parent"), and everywhere teenagers caroused in the T-shirts that promoters have peddled tirelessly all year to a public that never seemed sated. Classrooms were naturally vacant through all this, but city officials, themselves mesmerized by the event, let the puck stop here, and gladly. I am told that in some spots, the earth literally trembled with thunderous cheers.

I do not mean to make light of the Flyers, mind you. Like every other Philadelphian, I am a *fan*, filled with the same hypertense devotion on playoff nights and the same pre-teen loyalty to those good-natured bruisers who have given the city something to watch after years of athletic inconsequence. (Our politics isn't always sport enough.) I love their puck-chipped faces and ice-benumbed minds, their burly, gap-toothed self-effacement: there are no media monsters in the game yet. And as an old-time hockey fan, I appreciate the game's contagiousness, although I suspect that most of the throatiest screamers and hockey-groupies in the grandstands still wouldn't know a puck from a Bayer aspirin tablet. There is kid-fun in all this.

But half the front page of major newspapers blazoned with gleeful linotype? ("We did it—we're Number One.") Sanctimonious radio editorials about "our triumph"? A morning-after parade with politicians in the forefloat, riding the crest of this giddy devotion, and spectators wedged in the streets sucking self-importance out of pandemonium and beer cans? Then, as if that weren't enough, smug, pre-emptive TV specials celebrating the celebration? Event plus meta-event equaled mega-coverage.

THE REVELRY crosscut age and affiliation, including ordinarily sober central city workers pitching toilet paper, and small children bussed and shepherded by their parents from many miles away to press in against the stream. Despite the frenzy, not much damage was done —unless you consider it wasteful that vast sums were required for extra police and, later, for sanitation crews to clean up all the refuse cast gleefully upon the city's blacktop. But it may have been money well spent, even in austere times, because this sort of celebration seems to be the most heartfelt form of collective self-expression people are capable of, a mandate they take more seriously than the vote.

Besides, everyone loves a parade. Nearly everyone. I myself try to resist the sucking whirlpool effect, and the urgent feeling that one is either "there," sloshing about in the city center and craning one's neck for some refracted view of the flag-draped floatilla, or nowhere at all, washed up like a bubble in the rinse cycle. That's probably because I was raised in New York, where crowds are pedestrian: a state of natural, perpetual turbulence to be endured but not celebrated or joined unless absolutely necessary, or unless it happens to galvanize your particular ethnic-political interest.

IN CONTRAST with New York, smaller cities like Philadelphia, which don't really recognize how big they are and how many people they can assemble if they want to, seem to get high on crowd density alone—athletic victories notwithstanding. Everyone marvels at the presence of everyone else, at the bustling of policemen, the spiraling crowd estimates, and the temporary proliferation of garbage cans. It is a little bit frightening, all that human acreage, drunk on self-induced jubilation over a feat they merely watched, and on their own collective capacity to respond vigorously and vicariously to it: "*We* won."

Obviously, few events have the galvanizing effects of an athletic victory; certainly no moonshot's worth the ticker tape today. And I suppose it might reasonably be said that people who dwell in large cities need these occasional mass meetings to find and express the few bonds that unite an otherwise diverse body politic. Attendance was heaviest from just those middle-class ethnic sections of the city where residents have been harder hit—emotionally, at least—by recession and inflation. They were all white celebrants, ventilating their anxiety over layoffs, late car payments, and high mortgage rates.

It is perhaps the worst form of spoilsportism to carp at the celebration of an athletic victory, but it is the worst form of ingenuousness to trust any display of public euphoria, especially so elaborate a response to so fleeting and insignificant a triumph: "We *won*." Won what? Anyone who watched Philadelphia's Flyers Day Parade through anything but rose-tinted public spectacles knows that the sort of hoopla which boiled over the Stanley Cup says more about our private sorrows and rage than it says about our public jubilation. □

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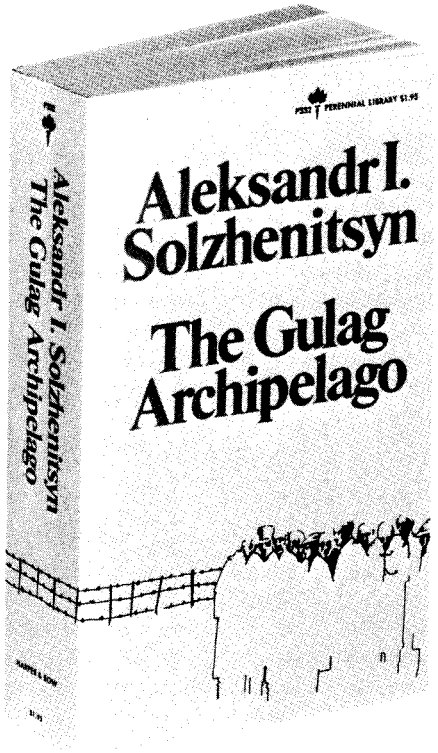

About *The Gulag Archipelago* . . .

Solzhenitsyn's masterful denunciation of the Soviet prison system is sure to be one of the most important and widely-read books of this generation. Even if you just skip through it (not too likely, once you start) you'll get an awful lot out of it. And, of course, in this handy pocket edition it's the ideal book to take on your summer vacation—one of the most fascinating books you'll ever read! *The Gulag Archipelago* is a work of fact, not fiction. Solzhenitsyn brings to life, for the world to judge, the inhuman mental and physical tortures that were day-to-day realities in the Russian slave labor camps. Already famous for his novels of Russian oppression (*The First Circle, Cancer Ward, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*), Solzhenitsyn reaches the pinnacle of his career in *The Gulag Archipelago*. Writing from the depths of his experience (Solzhenitsyn himself was once condemned to the Archipelago, i.e. the Soviet prison system), he has crafted a vast, horrifying account of sudden arrests often for no reason, interrogations, and the unbelievable extent to which the secret police penetrates everyday life—a world where anyone could be an informer, where a neighbor disappears overnight, never to be seen or heard from again. *The Gulag Archipelago* belongs on the bookshelf of all concerned Americans; it is fully indexed and contains a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions.

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BOOKS

Up from Slavery

Alexander Dolgun's Story: An American in the Gulag
By Alexander Dolgun, with Patrick Watson
Knopf, 370 pp., $10

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The facts are these: In 1948, while walking along Gorky Street in Moscow, Alexander Dolgun, 22-year-old American file clerk at the U.S. Embassy, was kidnapped by three Soviet MVD agents and taken to Lubyanka. There, and in two other prisons of increasing horror and ferociousness, he was tortured, beaten, kicked, starved, degraded, deprived of sleep, brutalized. They wanted him to confess to espionage activities he had never engaged in, to testify against men and women most of whom he had never seen or heard of. Like Kafka's K., knowing nothing of the crimes he was accused of having committed, Dolgun could not confess to them. There was no story he could make up that would satisfy his interrogators.

There were only two things Dolgun could do under the circumstances. One was to die, the second, to live. And he put his enormous inventiveness, cunning, courage, and plain thumb-your-nose feistiness into the business of staying alive. They—the interrogators, the guards, the MVD, the system—held all the cards. He—alone—in a small, dimly lit, blackened cell, had only one goal, to thwart them, to live through it. He played games with himself and with them to retain his sanity, to keep his mind and body functioning. After an all-night interrogation, every weekday night, month after month, he'd be dragged back to his cell and permitted to sleep till 6:00 A.M.—often just an hour or two. In the daytime he could sit on his bunk but not close his eyes or sleep. A guard opened a peephole and looked into the cell every sixty seconds. Dolgun taught himself to sleep in fifty-second intervals. He wasn't allowed to talk out loud in his cell but when a wind tunnel was in operation in the building next door, adding the torment of that whine and screech to the other planned torments, Dolgun turned the noise to his advantage. He would walk around the cell—an emaciated, bloody, filthy youngster—singing at the top of his lungs "I've Got Spurs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," "Don't Fence Me In," "Roll Out the Barrel," every American song he could remember.

He caught and tethered a fly—for company—with one thread from his prison towel. With another, he fashioned a tape measure to determine the dimensions of the cell, and then walking across it, two paces forward, two paces back, in his imagination he walked out of Lefortovo prison, down the next street and the next, to the U.S. Embassy, and then—why stop there?—out of Moscow, west toward freedom through occupied Eastern Europe, west, ever westward, a hundred thousand, millions of paces, to freedom. In his mind.

There came a black time when he realized that his arrest was no accident, that the Marines wouldn't land for Alexander Dolgun, that he was on his own. There came the day when he was told his sentence was 25 years. (The black joke in Gulag—Solzhenitsyn tells it—was that when a prisoner told a guard he had done absolutely nothing to warrant imprisonment, the guard asked what his sentence was. "Twenty-five, five, and five [25 labor camp, five exile, five loss of civil rights]," he answered. To which the guard replied, "You're lying, for absolutely nothing you get ten years.")

In the vast labor camps in Central Asia, Dolgun learned about *tufta*. *Tufta*,

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Hard to resist a title like *How I Feed My Family on $16 a Week* by Jo Ann York (Coward, $5.95). . . . Revisionism goes pictorial in A. J. P. Taylor's *The Second World War* (Putnam, $17.50). . . . Thor Heyerdahl honeymooned on *Fatu-Hiva* in his pre-*Kon-Tiki* days, tells about life on this idyllic but plague-ridden South Sea isle for Doubleday ($10). . . . For those who might take inspiration from a week with Gerald Ford and/or John Hersey, there's *The President* (Knopf, $6.95; paperback, $2.95). . . . Word and picture parade: *The Monarchs of England* by Jean Morris (McKay, $14.95 to Jan. 1, then $17.50).

■ PAPERBACKS. Schirmer Books, new music line, debuts impressively with *H. L. Mencken on Music* ($3.95) and the biography of jazz-age cornetist Bix Beiderbecke that was nominated for a National Book Award, *Bix: Man and Legend* by Richard M. Sudhalter and Philip R. Evans ($4.95) . . . From Capricorn comes Walter Lacquer's cultural history of *Weimar* (Oct., $3.50) and Volumes I & II of J. C. Furnas' *Great Times: An Informal Social History of the United States 1914-1929* (Oct., $3.95 each). . . . *The New York Times Nostalgic Years in Song* arranges 87 favorites from 1900-1940 for piano, organ, and guitar (Quadrangle, Sept., $7.95). . . . Vintage reprints for September include Joachim Fest's *Hitler* ($5.95), Mary Renault's *The Last of the Wine* ($2.95), and Robert Caro's life of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker* ($7.95). In November, Vintage brings back three by Wodehouse at $1.95 each: *The Code of the Woosters, Leave It to Psmith*, and *Mulliner Nights*. . . . *NR* contributor Miles Copeland's *Beyond Cloak & Dagger: Inside the CIA* now reprinted by Pinnacle ($1.75).

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES. Mencken's writings on the press are assembled for the first time in book form by Theo Lippman Jr. in *A Gang of Pecksniffs* (Arlington, $8.95). For the same publisher, Antony C. Sutton found *Wall Street and FDR* cozier than you might think ($7.95). . . . *The New Yorker*'s Elizabeth Drew assembles her *Washington Journal* from 1973-74 (Random, $12.95). For the same publisher, Richard Rogers' autobiography, *Musical States* ($10). . . . *LIFE Goes to the Movies*, one more time (Little, Brown, $19.95). . . . In *Strain of Violence*, Richard Maxwell Brown reviews history to detail how vigilantism and assorted rough stuff, from right to left, are as American as apple pie (Oxford, $13.95). . . . Constantine FitzGibbon's *The Golden Age* is a kind of Gothic of the future, set in England after the holocaust has rendered most of the world uninhabitable (Norton, $7.95). For the same house, Joseph A. Califano Jr. doubts we are becoming less *A Presidential Nation* ($9.95).

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a fellow prisoner explained, "means filling your work quota without really doing any work." It means cheating, it means staying on good terms with the prisoner "brigadier" who is in charge of your work detail, it means never expending an ounce of energy you can save, it means becoming an operator, ripping off the system. "Believe me, you have to know how to do it, and if you don't learn," said the other prisoner, "you'll be dead before you're out of school." And as Dolgun had learned to survive in solitary, with no instruction, with only his iron will to live as tutor, so he learned to survive in the camps where hundreds of men healthier and stronger than he died daily.

"The hardest part of my career as a locksmith," he writes, "was stealing stoves." *Tufta*. When sheet metal for making the locks had run out, but his detail still had its norm to fulfill, his brigadier told him to do something about it, and Dolgun, scouting around, started lifting finished stoves that were awaiting shipment out, and cutting them to pieces. (On the side he made spoons, a scarce item, which he sold to an orderly in the prison hospital for oil, part of which he shared with the brigadier, who assigned him jobs within his physical competence whenever he could.) Prisoners not fulfilling their norms had their rations cut; on less food they fell still further behind; rations cut again, eventually they died.

THERE CAME the day when the prison grapevine informed the millions of men and women in Gulag that Stalin was dead. There came the day when in camp after camp the prisoners tore off the hated numbers they had had to wear sewn on their jackets, back and front, on their caps and pant legs and sleeves, anticipating the official order by 24 hours, so well informed was the grapevine. There came the day when Commissions arrived in the camps to review each man's sentence. It was 1956, during the Khrushchev thaw. And the boxcars that had rolled into the camps so regularly with their human fodder, now headed back toward civilization with the survivors of the terror. Dolgun was one of them.

Back in Moscow, Dolgun found that his mother had also been arrested and tortured (rubber truncheons, steel splinters under her nails). Her mind has become unhinged; she loves him and welcomes him home, but cannot disabuse herself of the certainty that he is a KGB agent. She tries, repeatedly, to kill him. She will end her life in a mental asylum.

Back in Moscow Dolgun finds too something he had never known as a relatively privileged employee of the U.S. Government. He learns that the way to operate and survive in the Soviet Union even as a civilian is by *tufta*, by cheating the system, by giving lip service but no real service, by bribery, chicanery, being smarter than the other fellow: by being always on one's guard, using the system to beat the system.

THIS IS how the workers, but not only the workers—everyone—must live to make out in the Workers' Paradise a half-century after they stormed the Winter Palace.

Twenty-three years after his arrest, as the result of the persistence of his devoted sister in pressing Washington to take action on his case, Alexander Dolgun, his wife, and son finally were permitted to leave the Soviet Union for the land of his birth.

> And then that brilliant day in January when we climbed aboard a Boeing 707, an American plane . . . An ocean underneath us. The ocean whose floor I walked in my imagination, beating my way home to America how long ago? Where was it exactly that I left the coast of Spain in my mind and walked into the sea and under the waves and kept on going west? How many more paces today? Fifty-three hundred? How many kilometers? Force yourself to think, Alex! Do the arithmetic. *Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo-Choo.* . . . The familiar skyline . . . John F. Kennedy Airport. . . . Before we climb in the car I look back to the sky toward the east. There are faces there, too. Dear faces. If they *could* have come to share this. . . .

But they, most of them, are dead.

Alexander Dolgun's story, so grippingly retold that you cannot put it down, is continuing testimony that the totalitarians can kill a man but not quench the human spirit. □

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On Socialist Democracy
By Roy A. Medvedev
Translated by Ellen de Kadt
Knopf, 405 pp., $12.50

SELECTIVE, SUSPECT INDIGNATION

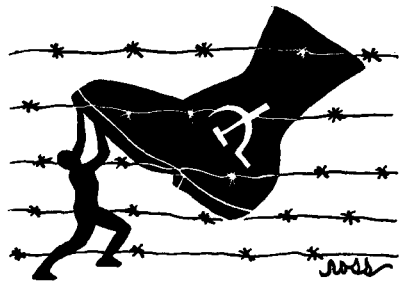
JANE MAJESKI

On Socialist Democracy is an impassioned plea on the part of historian Roy A. Medvedev for change in the existing social structure of the Soviet Union.

Despite an extremely sophisticated arsenal of strategic weapons, equal, if not superior, to that of the United States, the Soviet Union is in effect an underdeveloped country with an extremely low standard of living. According to Medvedev the Soviet farmer has at his disposal only 8.8 horsepower of mechanization while his American counterpart has 78 horsepower; 32 per cent of Soviet families own refrigerators; only 2 per cent have automobiles. The Soviet Union is destined to exercise progressively less influence and to command less respect because of its economic, technological, and ideological stagnation, caused, as Medvedev perceives it, by the exclusion of the intelligentsia from positions of power and responsibility. Indeed, Medvedev's most significant criticism of the Soviet system is that the government bureaucracy stifles talent and rewards mediocrity. Promotion, in any sphere of the economy, is based neither on talent nor on set procedure but rather is decided on the basis of family or personal connections, chance, and other irrelevant criteria. Those in command, untalented and unimaginative themselves, feel threatened by the creativity of others and seek to eliminate it.

Russian dissidents who profess to be loyal Marxists, as in the case of Medvedev, the son of a Marxist philosopher who perished in the Stalinist purges, present a curious anomaly. Descendants of the Russian intellectual tradition of the nineteenth century that maintained the pre-eminent importance of ideas and their power to change society, they subscribe nevertheless to an ideology that exalts the economic determination of events to the exclusion of all other interpretations of history. This dichotomy is further reinforced by the ambivalent behavior of the Soviet government. Publicly asserting the Marxist theory of economic determination, the government ironically seems to have tremendous confidence in the possibility of re-educating Soviet citizens through the use of ideological propaganda, a program that argues a belief in the power of the word further emphasized by the ruthless punishment of any and all ideological deviation or dissent. (Osip Mandelstam, a poet who disappeared in the Stalin purges, argued that only in the Soviet Union was a poet's work truly respected because poetry was considered a serious enough offense to be shot for.) Soviet society therefore denies the intellectual the means to exercise his profession and questions the very need for his existence but at the same time fosters the illusion that if freedom of speech existed, tremendous changes would immediately follow.

THE MEMBERS of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party do not have what Medvedev considers the broad education necessary for devising and carrying out state policies. The "dangerous tendency" of leading members of the party to dissociate themselves from the most influential circle of the intelligentsia in effect prevents the development of the Soviet Union to its full potential—a disastrous trend, in Medvedev's view, considering the ever continuing advance of capitalist countries. The imminent coming of post-industrial society in the Soviet Union, however, will bring in its wake, Medvedev argues, a mushroom growth of the intelligentsia—defined in *On Socialist Democracy* as those involved in mental as opposed to physical labor—that will force a change in the status quo. Medvedev posits that by the end of the 1980s the intelligentsia will outnumber both industrial and agricultural workers, thereby becoming the basic class in society rather than merely a stratum that serves the working class. This shift in classes will require a revision of the old Communist formula, in which the working class led the intelligentsia, thereby ensuring the proper recognition of the important role of the intelligentsia in society.



Medvedev's constant insistence on the practicality of freedom and democracy gives the impression that ultimately he is most concerned with governmental efficiency and the upholding of the Soviet Union's global position, and democracy represents little more than the means by which he can achieve this end. Freedom of speech is advocated in *On Socialist Democracy* as a means of overcoming dogmatic and sectarian attitudes, and Medvedev's avowal that freedom of speech means "an open struggle of ideas rather than the peaceful coexistence of ideologies" does not allow much hope for the continuance of free speech when the truth has finally emerged. Similarly his demand for more public control of governmental affairs becomes immediately suspect when coupled with his belief that although the market should be considered when the national economic policy is determined, "there is no place in a socialist society for a cult of the consumer," a statement which implies that the public would be allowed the right to choose only when there would be no doubt that it would make the ideologically correct decision.

Finally, Medvedev's indignation over the various crimes against humanity committed by the Soviet Union is highly selective. Stalin is castigated for purging party members and yet the millions who died under the forced collectivization campaign and the consolidation of Communist rule during the Civil War and the early Twenties receive cursory attention. They are dismissed as necessary casualties of the progressive change in the social order. One is forced to conclude that Medvedev, if given the chance to institute his reforms, would not be significantly less ruthless than the early Bolsheviks and that his proposed reforms would not result in a dramatic or permanent liberalization of society, but only in a change in the personae of the ruling elite. □

Jane Majeski *is an editorial assistant at* Saturday Review. . . . **Rene Kuhn Bryant**, *a frequent contributor to this section, lives in Lexington, Massachusetts.* . . . *Book reviews are indexed in the* Book Review Index.

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The Painted Word
By Tom Wolfe
Farrar, 121 pp., $5.95

DEBUNKING, WITH STYLE

RUTH BERENSON

Five years ago Tom Wolfe, New Journalist, Social Observer, spiritual grandson of H. L. Mencken, earned himself at least temporary immortality by coining the phrase "radical chic," to describe the party conductor-composer Leonard Bernstein gave in honor of the Black Panthers. (*Pow*!) Now Mr. Wolfe has found another target: abstract art chic together with its most fervent proponents, art critics Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg, and Leo Steinberg, high priests of the isms which have convulsed American painting from Abstract Expressionism in the 1950s to Conceptualism today. *En route* (Mr. Wolfe's essay is as riddled with italicized French expressions as the menu at La Caravelle) he manages a few sideswipes at Hilton Kramer, holder-forth on art for the *New York Times*, as well as such culture heroes as Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, et al. The results will delight those who have long harbored dark suspicions that modern art beginning with Picasso is a put-on, a gigantic hoax perpetrated on a gullible public by a mysterious cabal of artists, critics, dealers, and collectors aided and abetted by *Time* and *Newsweek*. Those who take modern art somewhat more seriously will be disappointed; not all of Mr. Wolfe's barbs find their mark.

IT'S REALLY a pleasure to see such beautifully literate mincemeat made of Greenberg, Rosenberg, and Steinberg (Green Mountain, Red Mountain, Stone Mountain), over whose obfuscations on art and artists, art lovers have been yawning for lo! these many years. Their influence on the art world of the Fifties and Sixties was undeniable, though they were not alone; one suspects that Mr. Wolfe would have added the Metropolitan Museum's Henry Geldzahler to his list had his name translated to a colored mountain rather than—not so inappropriately—a gold payer. Certainly all of them reveled in their celebrity status and enjoyed wielding their clout, Greenberg in particular: as a member of that eminently respectable coalition of high IQs, the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, he tried to blackball a writer from membership on the ground that his attack on Abstract Expressionism proved he was a Communist, since Stalin and Khrushchev persecuted abstract artists.

Mr. Wolfe sees Greenberg, Rosenberg, and Steinberg as arch-gurus, suppliers of ideas, themes, subject-matter, and theoretical underpinnings for artists too dumb, in his view, to know what and how to paint unless someone tells them. The thought is tempting—but Mr. Wolfe badly, if wittily, overstates his case. These critics were important in calling attention to the art they championed, but their words and prescriptions, however didactic, were written after the fact, not before; they were not creators, however much they may have rued the fact that they weren't. One has only to look attentively at the work of Pollock or de Kooning (the latter was Rosenberg's baby, according to Wolfe) or Rauschenberg—and this is easier today than it was twenty years ago when it seemed much stranger—to understand that these artists were originals, confident of what they were doing; they simply had no need for the kind of theoretical armature these critics are supposed to have provided them with. For the hangers-on, it may have been different; hangers-on need support as much as subway standees, and for them, the Greenberg-Rosenberg insistence on "flatness," on "maintaining the integrity of the picture plane," provided the necessary strap to hang on. More important by far than their influence on the artists was the effect of this triumvirate—Steinberg was the one who latched on to Pop art and dreamed up the theories that made it respectable—on the popularizers writing in *Time* and *Newsweek*, not to mention the museum curators and collectors.

Mr. Wolfe knows the New York art scene from the Cedar Bar to Robert Scull's dinners; his account of how Andy Warhol didn't eat when he first went to the Sculls's because he didn't know what fork to use established his credentials as an authentic insider who *ought to know*. (*Pow*!) But in addition to suffering from that disease endemic to writers, fascination-with-the-sound-of-his-own-words, he glosses over solid facts to make his point. (Modern art didn't become "chic" in the 1920s as he says, but before the First World War; and so on.) Nor is there much new about critics telling artists how to paint: Goethe, for one, was as didactic in his prescriptions as Clem Greenberg at his worst, and as furious with those who didn't agree with him; it's probably significant that Goethe's strictures on art today seem more obsolete than almost anything he wrote.

It's much too soon for a final verdict on Abstract Expressionism, let alone its successors. But it's equally sure that Mr. Wolfe's debunking book, great fun to read and containing a number of useful, if minor, observations, will not affect that verdict one way or another—that will depend on the paintings alone. But in the aftermath of Watergate, debunking has become a good way to earn a fast buck, and the debunking of art is a tradition in American letters, going back to Mr. Dooley, Mark Twain, and, of course, Mencken. Mr. Wolfe can take pride in his ancestors. □

The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum
By Heinrich Böll
McGraw-Hill, 140 pp., $7.95

THE VALUE OF TRUTH

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Heinrich Böll is that interesting rarity among contemporary novelists, a writer who applies the lens of fiction to matters of morality in its widest sense. In *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, he considers the universal characteristics of popular journalism and how readily, given the right opportunity to exploit, its methods, inherently amoral, can become immoral.

The right opportunity in this case is created when Ludwig Götten, a man being hunted by the police for suspected bank robbery, murder perhaps, and sundry other unspecified crimes, encounters Katharina Blum. They meet at a small party given on the eve of Mardi Gras at the home of Katharina's godmother, a respectable, middle-aged spinster who makes her living as a cateress in Frankfurt. An instantaneous, overpowering attraction blazes between Katharina and Götten, and, uncharacteristically, she takes him home with her. They spend the night together and

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she helps him escape the police dragnet that closes in on them the following day.

Using the device of a routine police interrogation of Katharina, Böll begins now to uncover the layers of her past. A handsome, reserved, intelligent, and self-contained young woman who seems older than her years, Katharina escaped from a desperately hard childhood into an early, brief-lived, and meaningless marriage. Following a divorce, she moved from the country town where she had grown up to Frankfurt where she had fashioned a substantial and secure, if somewhat solitary, life for herself as a housekeeper-cook. Her current employers are the Blornas, a childless couple of some substance, he a lawyer and she an architect, who, out of kindness, have helped Katharina to purchase a small apartment in a fine modern building designed by Trude Blorna's firm. The apartment and a second-hand but serviceable Volkswagen are Katharina's proudly worn badges of admittance to middle-class prosperity and stability. Apart from that, they afford her great satisfaction as tangible evidence of what her own hard work has brought her.

So far, the tale is trite, an assemblage of incidents that might turn up twenty times a month in the police files of any big city; a lonely, susceptible woman, caught up in a sudden surge of sexuality, yields to the appeal of the unknown with predictable and generally unfortunate results.

Then suddenly and abruptly, the lens is refocused and the images change radically as Katharina's story is commandeered by one Werner Tötges, a crime reporter for the *News*, Frankfurt's sensationalist daily. The picture which had emerged from the dry, ordered arrangement of facts in Katharina's statement to the police becomes now so distorted by innuendo, omission, misquotation, and mischievous juxtapositions as to be altogether unrecognizable. Bit by bit, Tötges contrives his collage of calumny and with each day's additions, the truth recedes further. Katharina is dismissed by the police without being charged, but Tötges and the *News* have made her busy, tidy world into an uninhabitable nightmare, a property invaded and claimed now by cranks, sexual perverts, and self-righteous busybodies.

With the same commonsensical approach she has used throughout her life, Katharina moves directly on the source of her torment and, having agreed to grant Tötges an exclusive interview, she shoots him dead, deliberately and without compunction. And the reader can scarcely restrain his cheers.

But that is not the end. For Tötges' place is soon taken by the reporter assigned by the *News* to cover Katharina's trial and Götten's trial as well (for he has since been captured and is charged not as a murderer but as an army deserter and payroll embezzler). And now it is the turn of each of those who move to help Katharina, most notably her loyal employers, the Blornas, to have their lives shattered and the pieces ground into fodder for the *News*. How it all comes out we never learn, for tomorrow's edition of the *News* has yet to be published.

It is a depressing tale Böll tells with finesse, brevity, and a shrewd appreciation of the complexities of human responses. Most important, though, it is told with a redeeming irony that leads the reader to fruitful speculation on a number of topics, not least, the value of truth in a world that prefers prejudice and illusion. □

Liberal Parents, Radical Children
By Midge Decter
Coward, McCann, 248 pp., $7.95

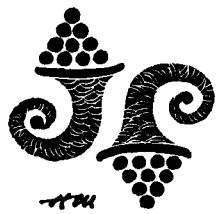
LIVES BASED ON FICTIONS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Stupidity—especially willful stupidity—is worse than wickedness. You can fight wickedness.

Midge Decter, in her excellent new book, is attempting to fight stupidity: I wonder what it will avail her. Back in woolly 1968, former President of Columbia University Grayson Kirk tried to fight off exponents of the varieties of stupidness that Miss Decter here blows up—and for his pains got put out to pasture as a Hudson River Valley patroon. Yet Miss Decter appears optimistic that people like herself —card-carrying members of the "enlightened liberal community"—may now give tongue to what were formerly unpopular things to say: things which, if expressed in the Golden Sixties, would have "branded us not only as enemies of the young but as enemies of all things virtuous in the liberal culture of which the youth revolution had become a cornerstone."

"The children," she argues—the Kids, that is, who were expected to come to emotional term in the last years of the past decade and are presently greying with the onset of their thirties—"are not . . . in good shape." How are they not? Well, in precisely the same ways in which they were in bad shape in their robust juvenility. Whole slews of them are yet living on Vermont "farms" or communes supplementing parental handouts with food stamps, botching their sexual and emotional relationships; slews more are content to shove pushcarts rather than be "hassled": i.e., tested in the pursuits normal to people of their station. Grossly self-regarding, they recognize only as much of the world as they are willing to tolerate—and that little determined by the frontiers, clouded with the squirt of convenient ideology, of their limited consciousness. They still find it tough "if not impossible to touch the world at just those tangents where its real work is being done and its real decisions being made." In short, "a whole generation of our grown children have been left with such a great deal to undo in themselves before they can take on what we all know, deep down, to be the essential requirements of membership in the adult tribe. . . ."



John Kenneth Galbraith's Affluent Society was densely populated with persons whose hubris outclassed the arrogance of any *ancien régime* you care to name. As veterans of the first great wave of mass higher education, they were too well-educated to be common sensible; as white-collar folk with job security and fat bank balances, they were too secure to worry about the practical consequences of Ideas. Comfortably ensconced in circumstances that, whatever it might have cost them to achieve, it cost them very little to

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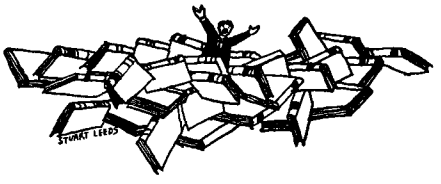
retain, they began to regard life as almost lenient, and certainly as less hedged about than in their youth by the multitude of hard necessities with which their parents had scared them. Such brutal concepts as authority, social hierarchy, the work ethic, the essential unfairness of the world, and a sense of the accommodations that life exacts from human beings had perhaps served them well enough in their own childhood; but the postwar world was a vastly enlightened realm, thanks partly to their own efforts. They began to bethink themselves of the multiple ways in which their young psyches had been cramped by anachronistic assumptions, and they resolved not to inflict these on their own children.

So they adopted the assumption that to an infant psyche any curb of the larval ego is at best useless, at worst traumatic. It followed that they gave their offspring intensive training in the needs of the imperial Self, and none at all in the exigencies of the world. Such informed practices were caressing to parental egos: they were also productive of parental tranquillity in households in which to understand was to condone. If the kids are self-regarding, suggests Miss Decter, it is because their parents refused to inculcate in them "the propriety and hard-earned values of our own sense of life": indeed, to assert the existence of *any* absolute values whatever. "The truth is," suggests Miss Decter to the kids, "that your freedom, your rebellion, even your new 'life-styles' were based on a fiction, the kind of fiction that gets constructed between people who are, for their own separate reasons, denying the facts."

A brilliant "Letter to the Young" is followed by "case histories" of four types of outworn American folk heroes: *viz*, the dropout, the pothead, the sexual revolutionary, the communard. I say case histories, but rush to explain that these were not compiled according to the practice of working sociologists with badges and tape-recorders but according to the methods of what the author calls "fictionalized sociology," whereby a fertile imagination prances about a well-informed and perceptive mind. Each Kid is fictive, each a pastiche. But each is enormously credible as he/she, brought up in the anticipation of a desultory world, fabricates out of his/her "betrayal" a world more twisted than any martini-besotted capitalist could ever have invented. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HERBERT HOOVER AND FAMINE RELIEF TO SOVIET RUSSIA 1921-23, *by Benjamin M. Weissman (Hoover Institution Press, 247 pp., $7.95).* Scarcely had Lenin and the Bolsheviks weathered the civil war following World War I when Soviet rule faced another grave threat—famine. Starvation and disease across much of Russia had already taken up to three million lives and threatened thirty million more. The one man on earth best equipped to rescue the Soviets, but ideologically the most unlikely of saviors, was U.S. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. Hoover, his head perhaps turned by spectacular wartime triumphs as "Food Regulator of Europe" (Pershing's phrase), could not resist. He mobilized his quasi-private American Relief Administration for its crowning achievement: a massive relief operation which fed 10.5 million Russians per day at its peak and finally broke the famine. Professor Weissman, a specialist in Slavic politics at Rutgers, provides a meticulously detailed and perceptive account of the whole strange episode. His narrative is in more an academic than a popular style; some maps and graphics and a bit more sketching of the broader historical background would have been helpful. But nothing can make this story dry: there is too much irony in the spectacle of giant adversaries embracing in spite of themselves, and above all there is the fascinating question of the road not taken. How many lives might have been saved over the longer term—indeed how might the whole history of the past half-century been different—had President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes reined Hoover in and let events inside Russia run their



course? Weissman ends the book one chapter too soon, offering no direct answer on this point, but he hints that U.S. food aid was *the* critical factor in averting the social and economic chaos that could have swept the Bolsheviks from power. George Kennan thought so too, as did Lenin himself. Some capitalists, it seems, would not sell you the rope for their own hanging after all; they'd *give* it to you.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, *by Elspeth Huxley (Putnam, 254 pp., illus., $15).* Thank God Florence Nightingale discovered nursing. If she hadn't, the old girl would have been completely unbearable. As it was, millions of lives were saved, untold agony was spared, and her ordinarily negative streaks of stubbornness, hysteria, and monomania were all put to good use. But Florence was far more than an energetic zealot who happened to hook up with a worthy cause. She was a woman of striking character and intellect with a remarkable gift for inspiring trust, friendship, and reverence in such varied characters as Sidney Herbert, Queen Victoria, Sir Harry Verney, and the Aga Khan. Certainly, whatever else may be said about her, she was one of the most talented and interesting Englishwomen of the nineteenth century. Now, in Elspeth Huxley, she has found her counterpart—a biographer who, as veteran *NR* readers will know, is a talented and interesting Englishwoman in her own right. Mrs. Huxley's style, which is sympathetic but never syrupy, strikes just the right balance, and the many period engravings and photos are, for the most part, well-chosen (although a portrait of Gordon of Khartoum in Egyptian uniform is erroneously identified as being in Indian dress). This is a very attractive "cocoa table" volume about one of England's most unusual and, in her own way, most liberated women.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

DEAR AMERICA, *by Karl Hess (Morrow, 279 pp., $7.95).* Hess has been, he tells us, a newsman, pilot, gun-runner, and corporate executive. And of course he did a stint as Barry Goldwater's chief speechwriter. (The cover blurb also repeats the persistent rumor that he was "a founding editor of NATIONAL REVIEW." He wasn't.) Today he welds, raises fish on his roof, and argues zestfully for something he calls "workplace democracy," a system that will replace the twin evils of corporate capitalism and state socialism that he says have robbed us of our freedoms. Hess has mastered most of the arguments of the neo-Old Right. True, there are problems. He has to demonstrate that conservatives are really liberals; that right is really left; that individualism is really collectivism—that there is, in fact, no such thing as individualism; that working people and Panthers and former SDSers are really natural allies. But no matter. Hess is an enthusiastic fellow, a believer in search of a belief. Perhaps he best sums it up himself when he describes his characteristically brief bout with religion (he is now, of course, an atheist): "I recall actually going to church to pray to believe, for some enlightment that would turn the chore of professing into the joy of believing. It never came . . ." Poor Karl Hess.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WILLIAM S. PORTER:
Round the Circle.

Nature moves in circles. A straight-forward man is more an artificial product than a diplomatist is. Men lost in the snow travel in exact circles until they sink, exhausted, as their footprints have attested. Also, travellers in philosophy . . . frequently wind up at their starting-point.

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 832)

alley cats in a city. We built these." He showed me smudgy photos of freshly sawed timber housing in various stages of construction, himself in work clothes, supervising.

One felt better about the prospects for Chile after interviewing a Floody or a López. The military may blunder, one felt, may be ignorant of politics and economics; but they are well-meaning, human, sensitive to the terrible plight of the poor.

But I was also to have a twenty-minute interview with General Fernando Paredes, López' commander, Floody's counterpart in the Valdivia zone. He is not cut from the same cloth as they: a slim, ascetic-looking man, sewn faultlessly into his uniform. He listened to me in dark glasses (I learned later that he had lost an eye), expressionless until I finished my spiel. Then he took charge of the conversation, clearly, tersely, abruptly. Yes, he would do this and that for me; yes, he would arrange this and that. As for the situation in his region, all was tranquil, what else? "Remember something," he said in his curious final word, "we are not necessarily against Marxism, we are against what Marxism did here, to Chile." I walked out with an uncertain residue of impressions. I bought a newspaper. Its lead story was the general's address to the lumberjacks. Its tone was crisp, authoritarian, threatening. "I demand understanding of the problems we face; I do not request it!" Translation loses much. It was to me unfortunate that Colonel López had been siderailed in an office.

Finally, torture. I guess nothing so immediately disgusts us. There may be exigencies when all states feel compelled to resort to it, but it is vile. It can't be excused. People did not want to talk about the subject, but I gathered that there persist unnecessary arrests, thoughtless brutality, and deliberate torture by the DINA, which has become an almost autonomous power within the political structure, of which, it's rumored, even the high military officials are frightened—not excluding the principals of the Junta. The regime, I concluded, will remain in command so long as a) the economic situation doesn't collapse entirely, b) no internal dissensions arise, as the Communist Party hopes they will, within the Junta, c) the DINA does not totally repel decent people of the Right and the moderate Left. I could name for you and describe the operational chief of the DINA, who, I've been told, enjoys turning on the electrical currents personally. There are stories I do not tell because in the telling I might compromise people. The DINA is a menace; it may cut the regime's throat by the image it exports. The regime could degenerate into a fearful and odious fascist government; or it could weather the problems and evolve, after the manner of Franco Spain, whose post-Civil War experience Chile's recent history so strangely parallels.

Meanwhile, the constitutional tradition of Chile has been irremediably riven. The 160 years of almost continuous democratic tradition simply cannot be revived, after the abuses of Allende, the counterrevolution, and what may be the long tenure of the current regime. We can help humanize that regime, and save thousands of the innocent hungry from starvation, if we provide the needed assistance. We may, without such assistance, see it regress, and if overthrown, see Chile come apart in a Portuguese denouement. *Peor no había. Peor hay.* There's a choice, no winners. This was that other stable republic in the New World. □

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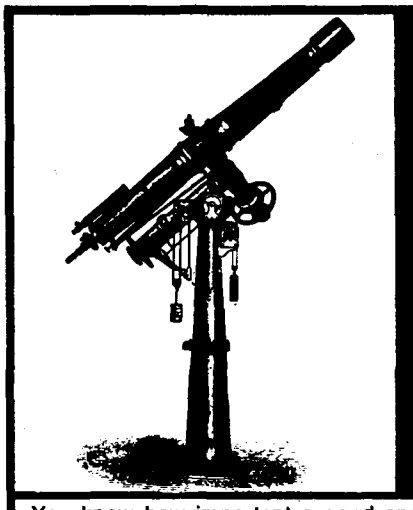

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Approaching the Anniversary

On The Right

New York, July 12—Scene: The dining room of a former ambassador, and close friend of the former President. He is there, with Mrs. Nixon. Their first night out since the beginning of their exile in San Clemente. There are twenty or so guests, carefully selected: what the polemical press would call "loyalists." The dinner has been served, and the toasts begin.

The host speaks about his personal debt to his guest of honor, who gave him the privilege of serving the Republic as an ambassador. The guest of honor rises to respond. It is probably the first toast he has given since the year before, when he regularly toasted chiefs of state at the gala dinners in the White House. He is given to nonperfunctory toasts: they seldom lasted less than five minutes, and sometimes went on ten or twelve minutes.

This time around he spoke without any sense of pressure to move the crowd on over to the East Room of the White House for the formal entertainment. So he took his time, and expressed his thanks for the continuing loyalty of his friends, and said such other things as one might have expected to hear from him on the occasion. But he had to end eventually, and he did so by raising his glass and saying to the attentive company: "Tonight I would like to make a toast I was not able to make for five and one-half years. I would like to toast the President of the United States."

It was a moment of great poignancy—but, inevitably, the little creepy-crawly Nixon inflection breaks through, and there is a shaft of intellectual illumination. Though the toast has the air of grace, it sinks, finally, deep onto the ocean floor of gracelessness as one reflects that—it was not, really, a toast to Gerald Ford. It was a toast to Richard Nixon. It was not so much intended to remind the company that another man sits in the Oval Office in the White House, as to remind it that for five and one-half years, the man now raising his glass sat in that august place. It is as if, at St. Helena, Napoleon had risen to toast the king by saying: "May he bring France to the same glories achieved by his predecessor."

For all the effort to institutionalize the problems of Richard Nixon and analyze the causes of his downfall, in the end the key to the mystery lies in Mr. Nixon's character.

The trouble with bad taste, a dramatist once wrote, is that it can lead to murder. In Nixon's case it led to his unmaking, and to derivative institutional consequences everyone is trying to understand, most lucidly, and most readably in recent weeks, Theodore White, whose volume *Breach of Faith* is, as one would expect, engrossing. But it raises at least as many questions as it answers.

There is an explanation for this making the cynical rounds. It is raised by the columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman, who eats lightly sugared icons for breakfast. The trouble with White's analysis of Nixon's downfall, says Hoffman, is that White has to come to terms with what he has written before about Nixon. Indeed, White confesses in his most recent book that way back, like every other American liberal, he began by loathing Nixon, but that somewhere along the line he developed an admiration for him. In full retreat from this admiration, he writes now the book about the Fall of Richard Nixon. But he is unwilling to say what Hoffman would like him to say: that Nixon was always thoroughly evil.

"There are no saints and no villains in history," Hoffman quotes White as saying on a television program, and comments, "Blurting something like that out transcends the embarrassment of looking like a jackass because one once wrote complimentary sentences about Nixon."

White is of course much more nearly correct than Hoffman, who is a caricaturist, and writes columns only because he doesn't draw cartoons. White is a thoughtful man, who has perceived the weaknesses of Nixon, and brought brilliantly into focus—as far as he goes—the bearing of those weaknesses on Nixon's decline and fall. But he fails, in the end, because Theodore White—so kind and good-natured, so ineluctably enticed, even now, by the lures of pot-bellied ideology—fails to nail the principal nexus between Nixon's personal shortcomings, which White traces in as fine detail as Dürer, and the failings of Nixon as a statesman of international harmony: because, as the architect of detente, Nixon continues to be the hero of Teddy White. No man who "opened the door" to China, and who "stopped the arms race," can be all bad.

And yet the same man whose resources failed him at that small dinner party, found them wanting in the great state dinners at Peking and Moscow. Nixon's lack of ethical discrimination brought him down: and is even now damaging the prospects of the free world. □

NIXON'S PURSUIT OF PEACE

New York, July 14—Until someone comes along with greater skill, which cannot be reasonably expected to happen soon, Theodore White's account of the fall of Richard Nixon is likely to serve as a historical text, which is why it is worth examining the premises of his readable bestseller, *Breach of Faith*.

Mr. White, a child of the Depression as the saying goes, likes the broad historical stroke. It used to be, he writes, that the Federal Government had a highly limited role to play, but by the Fifties "Government was . . . held to a higher standard; it was there to improve the condition of *your* life." A great many people have wondered how America ever got around to deducing impeachment of a President from the bugging of Larry O'Brien's telephone. My judgment is that the quantum jump from the one to the other is far less astonishing than the jump from Mr. White's axiomatic acceptance of the proper role of government to Richard Nixon's acceptance of his role as international peacemaker. The final paragraphs in White's book on Nixon cite the reply made by Nixon to President Ford on accepting the presidential pardon. Nixon, you will remember, had said from San Clemente that he "now" understood "how my own mistakes and misjudgments have contributed to the belief" that he had disgraced the Presidency. "That the way I tried to deal with Watergate was the wrong way is a burden I shall bear for every day of the life that is left to me." And White's epitaph: "He still had not really learned the way America works."

Mr. White is terribly mistaken. Nixon tripped. But his doing so reflected a co-

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incidence of two things: 1) an idiosyncratic political ineptitude—everyone agrees Nixon made blunder after blunder beginning three days after Watergate; and 2) a sense of priorities with which, really, Nixon's critics have very few problems. Certainly not Teddy White.

I was with White, on a long walk one morning in Shanghai, when he took two of us to the place where, briefly, after the Japanese captured the city, he and another journalist in the group had been imprisoned. As we walked the crowded streets of the largest city in the world, he remarked elatedly on the neatness of that city.

Thirty years ago, White burbled, you would have seen corpses lying on the street, dead from pestilence or starvation. No longer. Now we saw Mao-men, and Mao-men do not litter the streets, though they continue to shoot one another occasionally, and most systematically to bully one another into a total conformity with the ideal of a revolution whose ambitions were beyond the imagination of the ogre Haldeman at Nixon's White House.

In Moscow, it is in a sense different but in a sense the same: the typical Russian harbors a little of that flinty resistance that, in the case of Solzhenitsyn, sparked a series of the great spiritual detonations of the century. Solzhenitsyn understands that the great enemy of civil society is the lie: and that it is living by a lie to celebrate the achievements of Mao Tse-tung, as Richard Nixon did in China; or to vest confidence in the intentions of a brute-totalitarian, as Nixon did in Moscow. But Nixon's opening to China, and his trip to Moscow, are the points of exhilaration in White's book on Nixon. Nixon's foreign policy, he writes, "was to make peace. This philosophy turned out to be revolutionary, correct, and triumphant."

But you see, it was not revolutionary

—previous Presidents sought peace, with varying degrees of success. We cannot say that the policy of Nixon was correct, having no knowledge of any significant concession we have got out of China or the Soviet Union. To call it triumphant, in a season that sees impasse in the Middle East, a Soviet-protected policy of attrition against Israel, a diminished American naval presence, a Portugal virtually satellized, a NATO disrupted, an Indochina lost, SEATO a wreck, is a breach of analytical rigor that borders on—dare one use the word against such a gentle cosmopolitan as Mr. White?—tastelessness. □

PRUNING THE WHITE HOUSE GUEST LIST

New York, July 16

—The very worst part of it is that Gerald Ford has a certain reputation for spontaneous goodwill. There probably isn't a bureaucracy surrounding any leader anywhere in the free world who would recommend to a chief of state that he give an audience to anybody whose ties to politics are closer than Charlie Brown's. But Ford struck us as someone powerful enough to wrest his leg up through the cobwebs of the Lilliputians to do the natural thing. Perhaps it was all those months without a swimming pool that made him flaccid. For a horrible moment one was tempted to wonder whether Mr. Ford knew who Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was.

Don't laugh. You cannot, for one thing, know who Solzhenitsyn is unless you read Solzhenitsyn. Otherwise he is merely another adamant freedom fighter—but there are a lot of these, and we certainly do not write our foreign policy around the compunction to a) give them aid, or even b) celebrate their existence. Solzhenitsyn, if one has not read *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, or *The First Circle*, or *Gulag*, is like Shakespeare if one hasn't read *King Lear* or *Hamlet*: a mere evocation. I earnestly hope and pray that Gerald Ford has never read a work by Solzhenitsyn. If it were confided to me that he had done so, and even so refused to greet Solzhenitsyn in the White House and count that moment his most intimate contact with the divine circuitry of the human spirit, he should be ever after despised as a philistine. No: he could not have read Solzhenitsyn.

I remember a testimonial dinner three years ago in honor of the sixtieth birthday of the self-effacing publisher-intellectual who founded the Henry Regnery Company in Chicago just after the war. Henry Regnery had known Nixon for years, had contributed to his political campaigns, and had, almost singlehandedly, published during the bleak Forties and Fifties books of conservative tendency that challenged the orthodoxy of Eastern Seaboard Liberalism and were admired by Nixon. The toastmaster wrote to the President and asked if he would be so kind as to send a message to be read at the banquet. A bureaucrat in the White House replied that the President does not send messages "to commemorate commercial occasions" (it was the sixtieth birthday of Regnery, not of his company); that the toastmaster should apply to the Secretary of Commerce for a message. One of the reasons given out why President Ford did not greet Solzhenitsyn while he was in Washington was that Solzhenitsyn was in America in connection with the promotion of his new book. This happens not to be true. But at least President Ford didn't direct his Secretary of Commerce to invite Solzhenitsyn in for a talk.

How clearly, every day that we log the activities of the free nations of the world in juxtaposition with those of the enemy, their moral—yes, *moral*—superiority strikes us. There is a genuine integrity in people like Mao Tse-tung, and even such bureaucratic imitations as Leonid Brezhnev. It would not matter in the least to Mao or Brezhnev if a celebrity was renowned primarily for the number of women and children he had killed: if he was a voluble and famous apologist for Communism, he would be received at court. When I was last in the Soviet Union, the United States Information Agency Exhibit at Donetsk opened pursuant to a treaty between the Soviet Union and the United States—to foster international understanding. The entire publicity given in the press to our exhibit consisted of two sentences. A huge portion of the press for that day was given over to Angela Davis, who was touring the Soviet Union to denounce the United States.

I cannot think of a single person of international stature who would be denied access to Leonid Brezhnev on the grounds that seeing him would offend American official or public opinion (save possibly an American conservative). Brezhnev can without flinching be hearty, even effusive, in greeting American senators, and talk about international peace and understanding. He would not hesitate to schedule the following hour with Bobby Seale or William Kunstler, to mourn together American fascism.

The episode ennobles Solzhenitsyn. If added strength were needed to communicate his message, Ford has given it. The only good Russian is the lockstep Communist. On this Brezhnev and Ford are agreed. We call it detente. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He died on the same day as his predecessor in the presidency — 203 33 56 75 137 210 108 83 153

B. One of the states in our Union that came in later — 208 168 151 27 130 172 1 113

C. A delicious meat dish — 216 115 4 10 16 96 143 124 146 160

D. What Wilhelmina did after fifty-eight years — 2 202 98 139 214 131 44 154 119

E. A basketball and football phrase — 14 201 36 191 110 198 74 127 142 152 165

F. A mass or growth of marine plants — 92 46 187 190 133 222 140

G. A kitchen vessel the English find indispensable — 111 47 134 170 141 17 57 176 184

H. Our oldest President — 118 213 227 29 54 145 70 148 156 185

I. Our youngest President — 40 53 55 90 95 132 9 26 35

J. An anarchist (1869-1940) — 122 88 41 91 8 37 48 61 158 162 171

K. A type of song — 129 18 63 114 3

L. A rock in the North Sea, covered by sea at high tide — 215 34 205 58 13 180 135 49

M. The number of players in a certain game — 147 173 59 100 19 219 166 183 120

N. Get — 149 218 197 167 66 121

O. Informed on one's associates — 65 71 76 86 99 31

P. Attributed — 164 28 38 20 206 60 189

Q. Creators — 174 150 21 178 196 84 5

R. Our greatest President — 193 22 30 50 102 175 181

S. British general killed in battle fought after War of 1812 had ended — 93 12 85 39 24 112 67 32

T. American astronomer (1732-1796) — 157 211 220 223 80 15 105 64 107 138 199

U. Weird — 161 68 194 72 42 51 209 221

V. A river in Wyoming — 182 123 179 204 212 125 159 144 226 117

W. Quick and ready insight — 224 188 43 192 52 177 62 126 195

X. Barriers preventing the flow of water — 73 25 163 186

Y. To convert into a preparation of one liquid distributed in small globules throughout the body of a second liquid — 78 217 6 128 200 97 103 82

Z. The day Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President — 79 23 155 169 225 69 89 94 106 109 7 77 207 45

a. The chirping of birds — 11 81 87 101 104 116 136

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 846 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 D	3 K		4 C		5 Q	6 Y	7 Z	8 J	9 I	10 C	11 a		12 S		13 L	14 E	15 T	16 C
17 G	18 K	19 M	20 P	21 Q	22 R	23 Z	24 S	25 X	26 I		27 B	28 P	29 H	30 R	31 O	32 S	33 A	34 L	35 I
	36 E	37 J		38 P	39 S	40 I	41 J	42 U	43 W		44 D	45 Z	46 F		47 G	48 J	49 L	50 R	51 U
52 W	53 I	54 H		55 I	56 A		57 G	58 L	59 M		60 P	61 J	62 W	63 K	64 T	65 O	66 N	67 S	68 U
	69 Z	70 H	71 O	72 U	73 X		74 E	75 A		76 O	77 Z	78 Y		79 Z	80 T	81 a		82 Y	83 A
84 Q	85 S		86 O	87 a	88 J	89 Z	90 I		91 J	92 F		93 S	94 Z	95 I	96 C	97 Y	98 D	99 O	100M
101a		102R	103Y		104a	105T	106Z		107T		108A		109Z	110E		111G	112S	113B	114K
	115C	116a	117V	118H		119D	120M	121N	122J		123V	124C		125V	126W	127E	128Y	129K	
130B	131D	132I	133F		134G		135L	136a	137A	138T	139D	140F	141G	142E	143C		144V	145H	146C
147M		148H	149N	150Q	151B	152E		153A	154D	155Z	156H	157T		158J	159V	160C	161U		162J
	163X	164P	165E	166M	167N	168B	169Z		170G	171J	172B	173M		174Q	175R	176G		177W	178Q
179V		180L	181R	182V	183M	184G	185H	186X		187F	188W	189P		190F	191E	192W	193R	194U	
195W	196Q	197N		198E	199T		200Y	201E	202D	203A	204V	205L	206P		207Z	208B		209U	210A
211T	212V	213H	214D	215L	216C	217Y		218N	219M		220T	221U	222F		223T	224W	225Z	226V	227H

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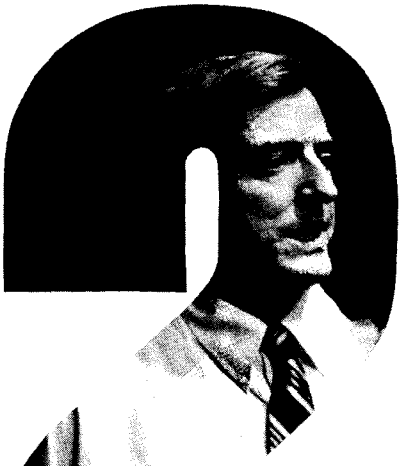

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1. William F. Buckley Jr. and Theodore H. White

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Week of July 26th on your local **PBS** station

2. William F. Buckley Jr. and Morton H. Halperin

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Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from

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